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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE Press Bureau is such an inveterate blunderer that we can only hope it is to blame for the form of Lord Derby's strange communication on the subject of the enlistment of unmarried men. But if this is a correct and authorized statement, a very grave and entirely new situation has arisen, which calls for the prompt intervention of Parliament as the guardian of the liberties of the people. The most critical part of the statement is as follows:—

"The Prime Minister on that occasion (November 2nd) pledged not only himself but his Government when he stated that if young men did not, under the stress of national duty, come forward voluntarily, other and compulsory means would be taken before the married men were called upon to fulfil their engagement to serve.

"Lord Derby is further authorized to state definitely that if young men, medically fit and not indispensable to any business of national importance or to any business conducted for the general good of the community, do not come forward voluntarily before November 30th, the Government will after that date take the necessary steps to redeem the pledge made on November 2nd."

It is added that marriages contracted after August 15th will not entitle the husband to exemption, and that the question whether a man's business entitles him to exercise his undoubted freedom of choice will be decided not by him or his employer, but by the local tribunals! At the best this seems to us a most ungracious and tact-

less treatment of the nation; at the worst, it is a violation of the Prime Minister's pledge to the people.

* * *

Now that pledge was by no means a mere statement that if eligible unmarried men (what proportion of unmarried men, we should like to know?) did not come forward voluntarily, they would be conscripted, before a single married man was called on. Mr. Asquith attached other conditions, such as the capital political consideration of "general consent," and full provision for the carrying on not only of war industries, but of the export trades. How are these conditions to be fulfilled if for them is substituted the sole test of whether in the view of somebody or another the single men of military age have come forward in adequate numbers? Is it possible that a conscriptionist wedge is thus to be driven into the voluntary system? If so, the whole national situation is gravely changed.

* * *

THE Serbian situation has both matured and somewhat improved this week. Nish, the temporary capital, has fallen to General Bojadjeff, who is reported to have taken 5,000 prisoners and 100 guns. The Austro-Germans, advancing towards the south, have taken Kraljevo and Krushevatz. Yet even with the enemy installed at Nish and Krushevatz, some thirty miles distant from each other, the Serbs maintained for several days their hold on the railway which lies between. Djunis, about twenty-five miles north-west of Nish, was reported captured on Tuesday, at the same time that the Bulgars advancing from Vranje took Leskovatz. As these are stations north and south of Nish respectively, the Belgrade-Sofia line had not been cleared up to that time. The Serbian position made a dangerous salient across two small sections of the line, and only the peculiar terrain could have made them tenable even by troops animated by so fierce a resolve to keep the enemy from his objective. Even now there is no report from either side which would suggest that the essential line is yet in the hands of the enemy.

* * *

MEANWHILE, in pursuance of the ambitious German plan, the enemy is advancing the different elements which constitute his enveloping cincture. Forces are pressing south of Ushitze, and are even operating at Grahavo, a small town just over the Montenegrin boundary, north of Cattaro. Albanian irregulars have made their appearance in the neighborhood of Prisren, and the Bulgars are pressing their advance westward of Uskub. Until now, the Serbs have held at arm's length the threat to cut them off from Macedonia. The Montenegrins, in spite of the most violent attacks, have held their own against the Austrians. The pressure from the direction of Uskub, which narrows the Serbs' avenue of escape, is the most dangerous; but, fortunately, it is here that the Allies can help. Sarraill's dispositions were strong last week. They seem to be threatening now. He has been gradually advancing up the Vardar valley and extending his grip upon the Nish-Salonika railway. He had taken Krivolak last week, and the Bulgars

entrenched themselves against him. But since then he has advanced further and taken Gradsko. If Veles should have fallen, as is reported, it would be the most important Allied success in this area until now.

* * *

THE Allied commander's manœuvre seems to be the throwing towards the north-east of his whole line, pivoting about Strumnitza. The enemy reports, which are careful to note the number of prisoners and the amount of material captured, are silent as to events on this section of the line. At the moment, however, it is the most absorbing point in the whole Serbian problem. If Sarraïl reaches much further north and east than Veles, the Bulgar threat to the Serbian rear begins to shrink. Indeed, the Bulgar left flank and rear themselves come under threat. How this position will resolve itself we cannot say; but it seems probable that the Serb position is easier, and they should be able to fall back upon Macedonia. There is evidence that the Allied forces are increasing, and they now hold a front from which it should be possible to strike at the centre of gravity of the Bulgar positions.

* * *

DURING the week the Germans on the Russian front have been almost entirely driven to the defensive. There have been small Russian successes over the whole front. The most significant movements have taken place on the Riga-Dvinsk front. Russky has thrown the western extremity of his lines forward in the Kemmern district. The operations on the left bank of the Aa which resulted in this advance were so successful that the enemy, completely taken by surprise, abandoned a large quantity of ammunition and material. The line in this part of Courland has been so far readjusted that it clearly has not reached a stable position, and the indications are that Russky, who has been so successful recently, intends to advance still farther. The operations in Serbia and France have weakened the German lines on the Eastern front, and the Russians are seeing to it that the enemy pays the price. But the weather cannot encourage a general offensive, even if our Allies were prepared for it.

* * *

THE Germans are still attacking incessantly the positions won in the September Allied offensive. The bombardments have ceased only to permit infantry attacks, and infantry attacks have been succeeded by bombardments. The excess of wastage in these operations can hardly fail to be on the side of the assailant. There has been no material change. The Germans secured part of the first line defences of the position north of Massiges, which the French were unable to retake. There has been spasmodic fighting in the Argonne and in the Vosges. In the latter section, the fighting takes on its own peculiar color. Trench engines, petards, and bombs are the most used weapons, and hand to hand struggles seem to be the rule. Several blockhouses and shelters have been destroyed by the French trench-engines; otherwise there has been no change.

* * *

THE most significant feature of the revival of German submarine activity is the sinking of the Italian "Ancona" on Monday. The German or Austrian submarine kept up a pitiless shell-fire upon the panic-stricken passengers, even when they were climbing into the boats. Many passengers were killed and wounded in this way. Why the Germans have re-opened this campaign against liners it is impossible to say. So far, about 257 passengers are unaccounted for, and there were twenty-five American

names among the first-class passengers. As the vessel was westward-bound, America can find no excuse or explanation of the German action, and there are signs that her indignation is taking a more serious turn than over the previous cruelties of this barbarian nation.

* * *

ON Saturday the "Globe" newspaper was seized by the military under Regulation 51 of the Defence of the Realm Act, which enables the Executive to enter newspaper premises and take possession of type and plant used to circulate a false report. This report was to the effect that Lord Kitchener had tendered his resignation after differences with his colleagues and as a protest against the "manœuvres" and "machinations" of politicians. This statement the "Globe" repeated, declining to accept the official statement that Lord Kitchener had merely left England for a visit to the Eastern theatre of war, fully sanctioned and approved by the Cabinet, and that his interview with the King had nothing to do with any question of resignation. This was, of course, the fact, which was further attested by the Prime Minister's temporary assumption of his duties. The action of the military was of a most drastic character. Not only was the current issue of the "Globe" seized, but steps were taken to prevent its future production by taking away the stereo plates and the vital parts of the machinery. Under this embargo the "Globe" still lies. Its offence was grave, for the hour was one of the most critical of the war, the success of Lord Kitchener's mission to Paris was struck at, and probably there was no time or means to institute civil action. But we hope that the "Globe's" liberty to re-appear will at once be restored. The truth is now known. It is all that the Government need care for.

* * *

THE Prime Minister has made two speeches of importance during the week, one at the Guildhall Banquet—which was shorn of none of its accustomed splendors of meat, drink, and display—and the other to the House of Commons. The Guildhall speech contained a severe denunciation of the "Globe," as having published a "malignant" and "mischievous" lie, a declaration that Lord Kitchener had gone to survey, with our Allies, the whole situation in the Near East, and a reaffirmation of the objects of the war, which, said Mr. Asquith, remained unchanged, while the country had advanced a long way to their achievement. The Prime Minister concluded:—

"Be the journey long or short, we shall not pause or falter till we have secured for the smaller States of Europe their charter of independence, and for Europe itself and for the world at large its final emancipation from the reign of force."

* * *

THE speech in the Commons was an exposition of the vote of credit, the fifth in the present financial year. The vote is for £400,000,000, raising the year's war total to £1,300,000,000, and the total cost of the war since its outbreak to £1,662,000,000. This sum will take us up to the middle of February at a daily rate of expenditure of £5,000,000. After that date we may well expect a further increase. This grave estimate naturally called for a pledge of economy. This is to be realized not through the constitutional way of inquiry and control by the House of Commons, but by a Committee of the Cabinet, with Mr. McKenna as chairman. The body will effect (1) a closer examination of contracts; (2) a revision of the scale of extravagant army rations; (3) a return to civil service of men unfit for active soldiering.

organization, the General Staff is to be strengthened, and an Allied War Council set up in conjunction with France and, it is hoped, with Russia. The House was only half satisfied with this promise of economy, and the more informed speeches—especially those of Mr. Duke and Mr. Worthington Evans—were serious and even alarmist. The general temper of the House was shown by an indignant adjournment, owing to the absence of Cabinet Ministers from the debate. For this neglect the Prime Minister next day offered an apology. But the House should not merely protest. It should act. Finance is its business much more than that of the Cabinet, and the organization of economy should be placed in the hands of a Special Committee of the House, sitting, of course, in secret.

* * *

THE Note, dated November 5th, from the United States on our methods of blockade is a long-deferred answer to a series of dispatches from our Government, of which the last was dated August 13th. Its tone is rather less friendly than that of some earlier Notes, and it contains many phrases and adjectives of condemnation which are unusual in diplomatic intercourse. It may have been drafted with some regard to political conditions in the States, for Dr. Wilson, as the head of a mixed population, is bound in his official acts to maintain a strictly impartial attitude towards the belligerents in this war. Though the Note does not give us credit for it, we believe that much greater care to observe a due regard for neutral rights has been shown since Mr. Balfour took charge of the Admiralty. It is clearly politic and in accordance with the feeling of the country that everything possible should be done to spare American commerce unnecessary annoyance. We question, however, whether the loss has been very real. Trade statistics show that the States have almost made up in additional exports to neutrals what they have lost by the cessation of direct trade with Germany, not to mention their increased trade with the Allies.

* * *

THE contentions of the Note turn chiefly upon the annoyance, delays, and loss caused to American shipping by our methods of search. Objection is taken to our practice of bringing suspected ships into our ports for a fuller search and inquiry than is practicable at sea. It is urged that we ought to be content with such evidence as we can discover by rummaging hastily in the ship's hold, and that any further evidence obtainable by our detective service as to the real destination of a ship's cargo is inadmissible. The consequent delays and costs are complained of, and such redress as our Prize Courts give is not accepted, since Washington takes exception to the Orders which the Courts administer. Our blockade, founded on these methods, is pronounced to be "ineffective, illegal, and indefensible"—though in so far as this opinion is based on our failure to hold up German shipping in the Baltic, it is now somewhat out of date. It is said that we have been led into illegalities by a policy of retaliation, which affects neutrals no less than the enemy.

* * *

THE peroration of the Note gives, we suspect, the real clue to its intention. It summons us to abandon a policy of expediency, and to observe the letter of international law. The States, we are told, will champion "the integrity of neutral rights" to the end. We are inclined to think that Washington hardly expects to modify our practice very greatly during this war. It

is looking to the hour of settlement, when the whole body of sea law may have to be revised. If it means to stand out for "the integrity of neutral rights" it must voice its protest firmly to-day. Frankly, the present chaos of no law and half law and improvised law is theoretically indefensible, but one cannot reach an ideal state of legality mid-way in a war with an enemy whose violations of law have been murderous, while ours, at the worst, cause loss to trade. Americans may well be asked to recollect the losses which their blockade caused us in the Civil War. Lancashire was reduced to famine, but it bore its hardships because it realized that the cause of the North was the cause of freedom.

* * *

THE debate in the Lords on the Censorship was given a very sombre hue by Lord Loreburn's powerful but remorseless criticism of the conduct of the war, which included a grave recital of Mr. Churchill's errors of administration at the Admiralty, a dark picture of the evils of a Coalition, a call for more light, and a suggestion that while 15,000,000 people had either been killed or disabled by the war and that it might produce a "wilderness peopled by old men, women, and children," our own conduct of it had been singularly thriftless and unwise. Lord Milner, devoting himself specially to the censorship, insisted that war news had been constantly doctored, and that the nation's illusive optimism must be dispelled. He also declared that we had broken that faith with Serbia to which Sir Edward Grey had pledged us.

* * *

To these uncompromising speeches Lord Courtney added a plea for peace on the ground that the war had produced a deadlock which could not be ended, and that it was possible to conceive a settlement, provided all danger to our national existence and freedom were removed, and that Germany would evacuate Belgium and Northern France and waive all question of an indemnity. In that case we might, on our side, discuss the problem of the "freedom of the seas" as part of a general European settlement. Lord Curzon supported the seizure of the "Globe," but promised a closer contact between the Press and the Army. Lord Lansdowne then defended the political deliberation—unaccompanied as it was by military delays—which had preceded our expedition to Serbia. We hope, indeed, that after our experience in the Dardanelles, due consideration of new military issues will not be accounted a crime.

* * *

THE overthrow of the Zaimis Cabinet by a Venezelist majority last week has altered little in the situation of Greece. King Constantine is already a veteran in these emergencies. He persists quietly in his own course, and the Greek nation is either too divided or too irresolute to oppose him effectively. It does not seem to have entered the King's head for a moment that he ought to summon M. Venezelos back to power, in accordance with the vote of the recently-elected Chamber. He called on M. Skoloudis, a sober Conservative financier, to form a Cabinet, and a distinguished Coalition was promptly formed of the rather effete leaders of earlier days, who have nothing in common but their opposition to M. Venezelos—MM. Theotokis, Rallis, and the rest. The general whose indiscretions led to the fall of M. Zaimis was included in the combination, and from this direct defiance of the Chamber it was obvious that M. Skoloudis did not propose to face it. It has now been dissolved.

Politics and Affairs.

WAR AND PEACE.

Now that we have arrived at the crisis of the war, we shall do well to take stock of the resources we possess for passing through and surviving it. These resources are of two kinds, moral and material. Our material strength consists in our men, our money, our munitions, and our capacity for using them to greater effect than our enemies, our moral strength in the character and institutions of the nation behind them. Now no one can doubt the greatness, the splendor, of our material effort. Our wealth, our population, our industrial power, have been lavishly used to fight the war by land and sea, and to add to the armed forces of our Allies. We fell into some errors and weaknesses. We spent far too much money. Our lax and shiftless methods opened the door to much shameless profiteering, which the Government have not yet brought under control. Perhaps a greater mistake was committed when we decided to make at once our maximum effort on all three divisions of our force. We should have recognized that we had not the time, or the experience, or the organization to expand our Expeditionary Corps to the dimensions of a Continental army, and that if, on our higher scale of expenditure, we had agreed to maintain, say, a million British soldiers, and to provide funds for keeping a larger number of French, Russian, and Italian soldiers in the field, we should have put our divers capacities to their best possible employment. Our Army is, after all, an assisting, not a decisive, factor in the war. But the Navy is an all-important element, and so is finance. It is no use crying over spilt milk. The country rushed to arms in the summer and autumn of 1914. The second rush has followed in November, 1915, and when its results are disclosed our governors will probably discover that it is their business to husband the stock of patriotic zeal no less than to foster it.

But there is a deeper source of British energy. That is the unity of the nation and its continued willingness to spend itself up to the point when its task is accomplished. Now we have arrived at the moment when we can begin to consider with some precision in what that task consists. That, again, is not the immediate business of our statesmen. They cannot make any tender to Germany which would give her an entirely false notion of the public spirit of the country, while their bond to our Allies forbids any separate action. But unofficial public men, and journalists in particular, who are in touch with public opinion more than the Executive Government, are bound in duty to aim at reflecting and representing it. What therefore is at the back of the mind of this united, determined, proud, but not at all vindictive people, in regard to the main end of the war? Generally, we think it may be defined as a resolve to have no German supremacy over Europe. This is not merely the view of the average fighting Briton. The pacifist is of the same opinion. Lord Courtney has lately quoted and adopted Wordsworth's admonition to us to keep our British freedom. We may conclude

therefore that that is for us the prime end of the war. Our armies and navies mean to see this country through with its Imperial possessions intact but not aggrandized, its shores inviolate, its resources free of tribute, and its future secure. These are its self-regarding aims, and if Lord Courtney adds to them the German evacuation of Belgium and France, we should tack on the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to its proper owner.

But the real content of these specific objects of British arms and policy is a moral one. The country seeks the deliverance of civilization from the imposition of a rule of force, which, starting from its great driving engine in Berlin, would compress the genius of Europe into a single dominant mould. When that design is clearly relinquished, when freedom of the land is secure from German oppression, we agree with Lord Courtney and Sir Edward Grey that if it can be shown that our sea-power puts any country and her commerce in chains to its authority, the country might agree to bring it into the common stock for consideration and revision. But one condition is essential. We cannot neutralize the seas, or any part of them, while a fully-armed Germany holds the Continent of Europe in fee to her power and that of the Allies whose will and material force she may capture. We want no Anglicized world; but we will have no Germanized world. That spiritual ambition we regard as in the main determined. We have the deepest scepticism as to Germany's power to realize it by arms, and of the willingness of an awakened German people to promote it over the ruins of her commerce and her good name. But we confess that something more is needed than our belief in the probable defeat of this avowed aim of German State-materialism. German soldiers and German statesmen will have to admit such a defeat, and to have good legible reasons for admitting it. Peace begins with that moment of *Aufklärung*.* Then and then only the idea of liberty will have conquered, and the passionate longing for peace which the bulk of all the nationals must feel can attain some lasting embodiment. We do not need to be told that the German people must be a main factor in that conquest, whatever the Allied armies may accomplish. We do not believe that the nation desires any great exchanges of territory as the result of this war, least of all any attack on German institutions and independence. Nor if we thought it to be true, as Lord Courtney suggests, that two plainly immovable forces were seeking an impossible victory over each other, could Englishmen ask civilization to destroy itself. But because free Europe is still on the defensive, it does not follow that the German menace will prevail. It is not prevailing; the scheme of its warfare is cracking already; but until the breach is gross and palpable, and the sign of breakage appears in the altered tone and purpose of German statesmanship, the nation will, we believe, conclude that it must fight on.

But liberty is from within as well as from without, and the war of liberty has already had some queer reac-

* There is some sign of such an awakening in the more moderate German Press. Thus an article in the Radical "Berliner Tageblatt" suggests that Germany must avoid even the appearance of wishing her own form of culture to have dominion over all others.

tions in the land of liberty herself. No Liberal Government, no Ministry drawn from representatives of average British statesmanship, Liberal or Tory or Labor, can lightly envisage a society from which freedom of Parliament, freedom of enlistment, freedom of the press, openness of trial by civil courts, are withdrawn or are in abeyance. Public opinion has made and supported this war; and without public opinion, and adequate means of expressing that opinion, it cannot be maintained. The political situation is unprecedented. A non-party Government is in power, which more and more takes the form of a Committee of Public Safety. There is no obvious alternative. There is no regular Parliamentary Opposition. The freedom of the press is so completely under the supervision of the war authorities that an offending journal can be raided by the military power, and deprived even of the means of further production. There is little or no publication of trials for offences against the Munitions Act (i.e., for alleged acts of indiscipline by workmen). Pamphlets are destroyed as the act of a single magistrate who abstains from arguing his decision.

Now, we shall not attempt to set up a case for the kind of freedom which Arnold's "Arminius" described as the right to say anything you please. The nation is under trial, and must remain so. The press is bound to exercise self-restraint, to put its business interests in its pocket, to shed its besetting sin of party spirit, to be an example of loyal and patient citizenship. The recklessness of the "Times" has already done grievous harm to our cause in France, in Italy, and in the Near East; has been, in fact, a large element in the ill-success of our diplomacy which it now affects to deplore. The nation must not be made to look to the world as if its blood were turned to water, when in reality its purpose and its unity remain quite unshaken, and if this misrepresentation goes on, it must be stopped. But we do not like to see our rulers approaching a state of mind in which they become more afraid of words than of deeds, of truths than of half-truths, or seem to think a cross-grained leading article of more import than a properly-directed campaign. Nor must even the ablest statesman ever feel that he has entrenched himself in a criticism-proof "dug-out." Otherwise, we shall have that immobility of thought in the nation under which incompetent arrogance holds sway, and shields grave faults of direction or bad commanders and advisers. We have not reached that condition, and if the Government are wise, we shall never reach it. Free enlistment has, we hope, been saved, though Lord Derby's extraordinary statement discloses a totally unexpected menace to it. But free thought is at the root of our political system. It is also the weapon which has armed democratic Europe against Germany, whose force lies in imprisoned thought, or (which is much the same thing) in State-directed thought. If we make war on it, we shall confuse the issue, for idealism will go out of the exterior war and begin to turn its eye inward on the losses of spiritual force which that conflict has involved.

Let us then shun this war on two fronts, if only

because it leads precisely to the "inconclusive peace" which we are warned to avoid. Though our materialists may not think so, it is just as necessary to keep up our spiritual differences with militarist Germany as it was for Cromwell's Ironsides to maintain their religious differences with King Charles and his Cavaliers. Otherwise the war will more and more lapse into a fight for power between two Imperialist groups using the same methods, professing the same general political faith, and maybe sinking together in a common or profitless exhaustion. The result of such a conflict would probably be a desertion of the national standards by great masses of the people in all the belligerent countries. That, in its turn, would mean a European Revolution. But we take it that our statesmen do not want Revolution. They would rather see the Continent settle down into the kind of peace under democracy to which its fearful sufferings entitle it.

THE VITAL PROBLEM OF THE WAR.

In his speech asking the House of Commons for a vote of credit to the amount of 400 millions, in order to carry on the war up to the middle of February, the Prime Minister made a full presentation of the grave problem of expenditure. What are the facts? Up to the present the rising cost of the war has brought the rate of national expenditure up to the level of a little less than 4½ millions a day. During the next two months and a-half Mr. Asquith estimates an average of five millions a day. That means that a sum amounting to over 1,800 millions, or more than two-thirds of the aggregate income of the nation, must be handed over by process of taxation or loan to the State. But if, as is unfortunately the case, we must look forward to a continuance of the war beyond this winter, we shall certainly be committed to the attempt to find an even larger amount than five millions a day.

Knowing, as we do, not only that the House of Commons has lost all real control over finance, but that the Treasury has admitted the liberty of the three war spending departments to incur expenditure without its sanction, must we not look forward to further advances, which will carry the net costs indefinitely beyond the 5 millions allotted to the period of this vote of credit? Mr. Asquith admitted that the advances to Allies and Dominions, amounting for this year to 423 millions, are likely to be larger in the future. This, indeed, must certainly be the case if the new large Russian levies are to be equipped adequately and quickly. The expenditure upon munitions is also certain to increase. Moreover, the new expedition to the Balkans will add to the expenditure on transport and supplies.

If, therefore, we are to provide for a future extending beyond next February, we are bound to ask ourselves whether this nation can by any means support an expenditure exceeding, to an indefinite extent, the colossal sum of five millions a day, and, if so, how? Has the Government envisaged this problem in its full dimensions? Imperial taxation, with the full yield of the new war taxes, furnishes an income of nearly one million a day. The other four millions, or 1,460 millions

for a year, must be raised by further taxation and borrowing out of an aggregate income which, when existing taxation is deducted, cannot be over 2,350 millions. The general public deceive themselves by looking at the prosperity of large sections of our people and at the apparent ease with which large loans have so far been effected. It is essential that they should realize, not merely that the national expenditure will go on rising rapidly as long as the war lasts, but that the resources out of which that expenditure must be met are shrinking. One large fact of vital significance has entirely escaped general attention, namely, the extent to which the early financing of the war has depended upon the use of the vast floating capital which bankers have withdrawn from financing the trade of the world, and poured into the coffers of the Government. That sum, variously estimated at between 400 and 500 millions, has been lent and spent, and there exists no corresponding source for further war finance. Again, if at an early date, in order to supply the Treasury, a new war loan upon the terms of last July were floated, there is no reason to believe that the subscriptions of the public would reach the sum of 400 millions then attained. For the payment of the last instalment of the July loan must have absorbed a large proportion of the bank balances, while the higher income-tax encroaches upon the surplus otherwise available for lending.

Therefore, even when allowance is made for some considerable increase in the rate of saving, due to rising money incomes and personal economies, it is unlikely that the Government will get as much money next January as it obtained last July by a loan effected on the same conditions, or even at a higher rate of interest. There would once more be a temptation to have recourse to bankers' subscriptions. But these subscriptions represent not real saving, but inflation, and, when the money they pretend to place at the disposal of the Government is expended, raise the prices of commodities, and thus place a secret load of new taxation upon the people. The Treasury ought definitely to repudiate this hocus-pocus of bank-subscriptions in all future loans, and confine its borrowing to those savings which have behind them the real goods that are required for the upkeep of the forces.

But, suppose that, supplying our immediate needs, as he is doing, by the sale of Treasury Bills and by borrowing from the Bank of England, Mr. McKenna commits himself to another voluntary loan in January or February. If that loan were as successful as last July's, and gave him 400 millions honest money, that sum would not represent more than two and a-half months' expenditure. And no one pretends that he could go to the country at intervals of ten weeks during the rest of the war and obtain these sums. The "Manchester Guardian," reflecting no doubt a large body of opinion, holds that "there is still an ample margin for the State to draw upon, represented by the difference between frugal living by the private citizen and the present wasteful mode of life," and maintains that voluntary levies can supply all that is wanted. Here are two questions: "Is the margin ample?" and "Can it be got

by voluntary appeals?" We will not commit ourselves to a definite answer to the former question. There is much waste. If the Government had been thoroughly in earnest, it would long ago have stopped the sale of alcohol and the town use of motor cars, and certain other forms of needless expenditure. But though the well-to-do classes maintain much that is unnecessary in their standards of comfort, some of it is so fixed that it cannot suddenly be cut off. The middle-classes, professional and trading, are, with some exceptions, seriously damaged in their income by the war. It is the employers and the workers in trades living on the war-expenditure itself who possess the amplest margin for contribution to war expenses. Some attempt is being made to take a share of this surplus from capital. But the greatly enhanced money incomes of large classes of workers are virtually untouched except by rising prices. The lavish buying of cheap jewellery and other working-class luxuries shows that among the workers there is no realization of the need or duty of economy. This was proved by the meagre total of subscriptions by the wage-earners to the last war loan.

Now, the nation has great resources, and large funds exist for supporting the war for a long time to come. But we wish that we felt sure that voluntary appeals would bring about a sufficiently large, rapid, and general reduction in standards of living. If Mr. McKenna again has recourse to the voluntary loan, without further large taxation, he will, in our judgment, get an inadequate response, which will only absorb a portion of the available surplus when the whole is needed; and will leave most families living as they have lived before. This need not mean lack of patriotism. But it does imply inability, upon the one hand, to comprehend the urgency of the appeal to the people to save, and, on the other, to make up their mind what particular concrete sacrifices they shall make. We deeply regret being driven to the conviction that a voluntary loan will not enable us to finance the war at its five-million level. The new war taxes came too late and were insufficient. They cannot now be raised so as to yield any sum commensurate with our needs. The main body of the revenue required—namely, the four millions a day, representing our deficit from this time forth—must be obtained by loans subscribed in this country. The extent to which America, and perhaps other neutrals, are likely to be induced to contribute, either by buying securities held here or by credit advances, cannot be estimated at more than one million a day. That would leave three millions a day to be furnished by national savings from current income. If we suppose that the increased rate of saving has already been raised from the pre-war level of about one million to one million and a-half a day, there remains another million and a-half to be got by a further reduction of private expenditure. If we can get this additional saving of over 500 millions a year, we can go on financing the war at its new level, but not beyond. That will require great pressure upon all classes, and far larger and more drastic reductions of their ordinary standards of living than are anywhere in practice.

Two more points. If the country resorts to any of

the methods of inflation or paper currency which are urged in some quarters, the attempt will defeat its end. For not merely would a fatal injury be inflicted upon our national credit, but the rise of prices this method of finance involves must swell the volume of national expenditure and worsen the state of our foreign exchange. Finally, we must add that the problem appears to us insoluble, if any new additions are made to our fighting forces, involving, as they must, a further rise of the cost of war, and a reduction of the real income out of which the cost must be defrayed.

THE PLIGHT OF THE GERMAN PEOPLE.

(Continued.)

A FORTNIGHT ago we printed an account, compiled mainly from the German papers themselves, of the leaping upward of prices there, the growing privations, the growing discontent. That which was then but a mild outburst has now filled the whole German Press, and excited a hubbub in all the country. Even the war is relegated to a secondary place. The town consumers denounce the Agrarians as thieves and robbers. The Social Democrats denounce all the wealthy. Strangest of all, the most faithful of Government organs roundly denounce the Government. This abandonment of her accustomed docility sufficiently exhibits the straits which Germany is suffering, and the fear of a Revolutionary winter if something drastic is not done. "It may be taken as axiomatic," says the "Kölnische Zeitung," "that in matters of supply our Government never takes the decisive step at the outset, never acts except under undue pressure, and never learns except from its own failures." The "Frankfurter" re-echoes with the statement that owing to the indecision and delays of the Government, "their measures have come too late, or they have been but half-measures, and often these half-measures have come too late." It accuses the Government of fixing the maximum prices *after* they have allowed these prices to rise to a height which makes them impossible for the poor. Some papers attack individual Ministers; others, such as the "Frankfurter," assert that the general collapse is due to the complete breakdown of German organization. "This is not any question of shortage, or of rapacity, or even of sluggish incompetence; it is a question of the fundamental nature of the German executive system." It is all amazingly like the Harmsworth hubbub, describing England for the delectation of our enemies and the depression of our Allies. Indeed, the parallel is almost completed by the demand from the "Kölnische Volkszeitung" (a "Centre" paper) for the dismissal of incompetent Ministers and the calling to power of one still strong man in a blatant land—"It is high time that a strong hand should thrust aside the difficulties gathered together from so many quarters: that an *Economic Dictator* should at last work a change."

The parallel vanishes, however, when we find that the cry is not that of a newspaper demanding sensational news, but of the poor crying for bread. The Socialist papers are extraordinarily bitter, although confessing they would say much more if under

the kindly and tolerant English Censorship—a censorship which seems to be the ideal of both France and Germany. "Vorwärts" became more and more angry and defiant until suspended last week by the Government. Others head their articles with titles: "The German Nation Demands to be Fed," "Hold Out! It Rains Profits" ["The people may bleed to death and starve as long as the munition concerns get their shower of profits"], and the like. The only papers who endeavor to pour oil on the troubled waters are those who are fearful of this chaos encouraging the enemies of Germany, such as the "Tageblatt," which announces that "speeches and writings of this kind are used across the frontiers to spur the Allied peoples, time after time, to fresh military efforts whenever there is any sign amongst them of disillusionment or fatigue." But the "Vorwärts" boldly will not cease before such an appeal, when the people are actually starving; demands the summoning of the Reichstag, and states that this is a matter of life and death for the German people. "We are of opinion that the adequate provision of the people's means of subsistence and the fight against profit-mongering should be an end to itself, not the means to an end." "The time calls urgently for action," it quotes from the Chief Burgomaster of Berlin.

The realities are perhaps best apprehended by the complaints of the workers themselves. There have been manifestations varying in violence from peaceful processions to open rioting in all the big cities: food riots in Cologne, with women cursing the Kaiser and the war; in Berlin outside the War Office, with windows broken and the crowd dispersed by the police; in many cases shops "rushed" by the people. In Upper Silesia "Vorwärts" discovers "a feeling of most intense bitterness among the miners"—exhibited in continual isolated strikes. "Upper Silesia is feeling the effect of the loss of food imports from Galicia and Russian Poland. Unless either prices fall or wages are raised, a dangerous labor conflict is likely to occur." The "Munchener Neueste Nachrichten" reports the plea of the Non-Socialist Union of Railway Workers (106,000) in their address to the Chancellor. Meat has been reduced to 30 per cent. of the former level—and even this percentage is inferior in quality. The consumption of butter has practically ceased. Vegetables of all kinds, eggs, rice, barley, &c., as well as milk food and puddings, have disappeared from the diet of the railway worker. "Every one of the members questioned has lost in weight." Perhaps individual examples are even more impressive. In Vienna the "Arbeiter Zeitung" publishes harrowing testimonies of experiences in a land still more desolate than Germany. "I get three bread tickets a week," writes a soldier's wife. "I have two boys, aged eight and eleven. I cannot work, owing to bad health. I and my two boys live on coffee, coffee, always coffee. Since the beginning of the year we have never had proper food." "How," she asks, "are my two boys to make strong, powerful soldiers in the future?"

Germany, indeed, is destroying her own prospective cannon-fodder. Every morning, writes a correspondent to the "Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten," "one wakes to the pleasing certainty of having to spend more money during

the coming day than the day before. Every day one is told 'butter is up, milk is up, cheese, eggs, fats, meat, lard; everything is up.' He signs himself "A Father of a Family." A protest from a woman, again to the "Arbeiter," is still more pathetic. "From five to seven," she says, "you stand either in front of a dairy flanked by policemen, or in front of the baker's flanked by two or three policemen, and you wait and wait to get perhaps a quart of milk for yourself and three children, or the bit of bread which is the day's allowance. So long as potatoes were to be had, you might, if you had a good deal of time and patience, occasionally manage to buy a pound or two of flour in the week, but now we have a maximum price for potatoes, and no greengrocer has any potatoes to sell. No milk dishes, no peas, beans, or lentils, no potatoes, no flour, hardly any pickled-cabbage, no meat—fresh or salted; only vegetables without garnish and sea fish without fat to cook it in. Again, I ask, what is there left to cook? And what will be left in a few weeks if matters go on like this?" From Hungary, as from Austria, the same complaint arises, that "in the big provincial towns it was scarcely possible to procure the more important necessities of life." And the President of the Buda Pest Chamber of Commerce refers to the "intolerable rise in prices" and the "continually increasing disturbance of public opinion caused by this burden, which rested like a plague upon the urban population, representing 38 per cent. of the population."

The Government makes as brave a face as possible in contact with these realities, suppresses the more violent agitators, assures the others that there is plenty of food in the country, and that all will come right in the end. The inhabitants are doubtful. The Bundesrat had already fixed a general maximum for bread. It attempted a local combination with the communes on potatoes; the result was that where maximum prices were fixed no potatoes were forthcoming. It has therefore been compelled to fix a general maximum price for potatoes—too high, the critics say, for the poor. It is leaving the maximum for milk and bread to the individual cities. At the same time, it urges the farmers not to hold the stock, but to put it on the market freely, remembering the country's duty to the families of those millions of men now fighting on the front, whose dependents have no means of subsistence beyond their allowance. To which the farmers reply—in part through fear of lynching, in part because it is true, in part because such replies are of the nature of farmers the world over—that wet weather and "unexampled difficulties" have in part ruined their crop, and that they are paying from 100-200 per cent. higher for all the raw materials of their trade. But maximum prices for fattened pigs are to be adopted, and local maximum prices for meat and fats. At the same time, from November 1st onwards, shops are closed for the sale of all meat two days a week, on two other days for all meat requiring fats in the cooking, and on a fifth day for pork. Further regulations on the price of butter, &c., will shortly be announced. "Vorwärts" mocks at them all. No maximum is fixed for meat, it asserts, because of the Agrarians. A maximum is fixed for pork, because pork

would naturally otherwise fall in price. As for "meatless days," the rich will lay in a stock to last over them; the "compulsory fast days of the poor" have long been endured, and will not be altered by legal order. "Even with compulsory fast days, little will have been accomplished; there is no magic in them to spirit meat into the poor man's pot."

Other doctors and professors offer appetising substitutes. Thus good bread can be made out of acorns, which have been largely imported over the Dutch frontier. One doctor writes to the "Tageblatt" recommending sugar for fat. "A new habit must be formed—always a disagreeable thing. But needs must when the devil drives." He offers advice how potatoes can best be cooked "in order to diminish the undoubted difficulties of the digestion." He acknowledges that he can find no substitute for albumen—but asserts that even a large reduction of albumen foods is possible, and is in no way harmful to health. Another describes how glycerine can be derived from dead horses, and urges his readers not to be squeamish over the taste, smell, or origin of fatty substances, so long as they supply the required nutritive. The "Lokal-Anzeiger" breaks into an almost lyrical outburst in praise of whale flesh, just introduced into Berlin. "The explorer Nansen cannot speak too highly of whale and seal flesh as food. He even goes on to say that it reminds him of cream, oysters, nut-kernels, and other delicacies calculated to make the mouth water." Whales, however, are not always procurable, and the consumer will have to fall back on dolphin. "In any case," is the conclusion, "we must realize that the 'No meat' movement which has existed for some time will certainly have to continue for many years after the war is over. After peace is declared, cattle-breeding farms will not be able to keep pace with the increasing demand. The conversion of all kinds of sea beasts into food shows therefore both prudence and foresight."

"Prudence and foresight!" Yesterday—a little over a year ago in the hot July nights—the crowds of Berlin were cheering for war. To-day thousands of them are fighting in the streets for scraps of meat and offal. What will they be doing to-morrow? Praising perhaps the "prudence and foresight" which their rulers exhibited in plunging them into the gigantic catastrophe of war.

THE BATTLEGROUND OF SEVEN NATIONS.

THE centre of military interest is that small area of the Balkan peninsula in which seven nations are fighting furious battles with the chief immediate end of persuading five others to take a hand. If, as is quite possible, two of the latter should join in the struggle, the six Great Powers involved in the war would meet for the first time. Even then it would be a position more highly charged with potential surprises than any other area of the war; and if all the twelve nations who may possibly be embroiled in the Balkans were actually fighting, it is not at all certain that the first would be the final grouping of the combatants. In a situation which embraces so much that is merely potential it is

difficult to foresee what may be the ultimate resolution of the forces.

It is better to say at the outset that at the moment the position of Serbia is one of grave danger. By this time the enemy has probably secured possession of the last few miles of the Belgrade-Nish-Sofia railway, to which the Serbs clung so tenaciously even after the fall of Nish. He has, then, secured control of the railway which was said to be his chief objective, the main artery of the Germanic Allies. Even before Nish fell he had been able to send munitions to Bulgaria by means of the Danube, though this avenue was not perfectly free from the mines laid there by the Serbs and Russians. And although he has the railway to Constantinople, it will probably be a week or a fortnight before he can use it, as the Serbs have probably damaged it before falling back. Still one can never wholly destroy the track of a railway, and the German engineers have been at the heels of the army repairing and restoring all that the Serbs have destroyed. For the moment, then, the Germans have won what they wished, though not all that they wished. For it is certain that they aimed at surrounding the Serbs and putting an end to them once for all. Thus, with a complacent Bulgar Empire stretching from the confines of Austria-Hungary to the door of Constantinople, there would be prepared a steel corridor from Berlin to Constantinople for the next foray of the Northern soldiers of fortune.

The Serbian position at present is not widely dissimilar from that of the Russians immediately after the evacuation of Warsaw. Nish represents Warsaw as near the apex of the salient to which the enemy's attention was directed. Uskub would be the Chelm of Serbia; and the Bulgars were and are trying to force their way to the North as quickly and as far as possible, to cut off the retreat of the forces within the salient, at the same time that the Austrians are attempting to cut through Montenegro from the south-west; and Mackensen is driving down from the north. There has so far been no decision. The Serbs are admirably led. They have fallen back without risking a general engagement against the odds which confronted them; and they are still in the field as a military unit. Moreover, their spirit is excellent, and if they can maintain their retreat for a few stages further they will reach safety. For they are falling back, not so much to more readily defensible lines, as to important reinforcements, well equipped with all the necessities of modern warfare. The Franco-British Allies are growing, it is reported, at the rate of an army corps per week. If this is not an exaggeration, they must be already a formidable force. Within the last few days they have extended their grip upon the Nish-Salonika railway, and have thrown forward their flanks in significant directions. The Bulgarians are reported to be falling back upon Veles, and they seem to have been driven out of the district south of Strumnitza.

The whole situation is rapidly approaching the state when warfare leaves the nineteenth and falls back upon the eighteenth century. The Germans until now have had the use of the Belgrade-Nish railway, the Bulgarians have used the Sofia-Nish and the Vranie-Uskub-Veles sections of the railway, and the Allies depend upon the

Salonika-Krivolak section of the same line. But by the capture of Nish and Krushevat, the enemy leaves the railway, just as our forces about Monastir have left the railway. The Germans and Bulgarians will be compelled more and more as they advance to make use of primitive means of transport. It is difficult to see how the heavy artillery which Mackensen brought with him will be able to make much headway in the mountainous country he is entering, and the odds against Serbia are to this extent diminished. If the Serbs have been able to retreat in order under the pressure of an enemy supplied under modern conditions, how much better are their chances when the enemy has to rely upon conditions which are better known to the Serbs than to him? There is another factor in the situation which goes to redeem a not very encouraging prospect. General Sarrail has come from mountain fighting on the West front, where transport is primitive and tactics take a certain form. He is in command; but he has the services of British officers who, if they know any fighting at all, know this and no other sort. Every war in which we have been engaged for half-a-century—and before that modern transport conditions were not—has been waged in communicationless countries. India, the Soudan, South Africa, were all theatres where communications had to be of the most primitive description. Warfare on such a terrain cannot be the same as in a field where modern railways carry everything to the firing line with the minimum of delay. Lord Kitchener, who is visiting the East, is one of the greatest transport experts in the world, and it should not be impossible to wage a successful war in a country with the primitive transport with which the British tradition and the recent experience of the French commander are familiar. The Allies hold their position astride the Nish-Salonika railway in force. There is some evidence that they are even posted on the boundaries of Albania, and this suggests, as indeed does elementary prudence, the establishment of a base in that No-man's-land. It will be the business of the Serbs to fall back until, in Macedonia, their main force joins that of the Allies, when General Serrail will have Marshal Putnik's unrivalled experience of Serbian topography at his disposal.

This is to dispose of the situation without the five nations who may yet become involved in this campaign. If Greece should enter on the side of the Allies an immediate advance would be possible, while the adhesion of Rumania would almost at once decide the campaign, for it would mean a free road to Russia also. And if Russia could send four or five Army Corps to Bulgaria, the campaign would immediately turn in favor of the Allies. But such speculations are profitless. The immediately encouraging facts lie in the inherent difficulties of the German armies. If they are vigorously withstood, they will be unable to hold their own without drawing constant reinforcements from the Russian and Western fronts, where alone they can be obtained. Under such treatment the Russian and French problems will both be simplified, and our final offensive should open under greatly increased chances of success. That presumably is the hope of the Allies. The Germans, unable to disengage, will be compelled to pour ever more troops into

the conflict. While they are so engaged here the grandiose plans for advances on Bagdad or Egypt must lie unused, and even the munitionment of Turkey must be curtailed in view of the superior claims of the Serbian campaign. It is difficult to see how such an adventure can turn ultimately to the enemies' success. They dare not ignore the Allies and the Serbs, or these could cut their communications and sweep northward into Austria-Hungary. If they engage, the result can hardly be other than we have suggested.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

"K." MADE an affectionate farewell to his colleagues before starting on his long journey, and what they felt for him the country feels too. Whether or no he comes back to the War Office, and whether or no it was wise to put a soldier with an Eastern rather than a world experience in the Cabinet, and to give him the supreme, almost the unfettered, control of the Army, will be a matter of dispute. The country wanted a name to conjure with when the war rushed on it, and Lord Kitchener supplied it. The armies which sprang from the soil were his. So also was the administration that governed them. It was not the best in the world—indeed there was no possible "best." And Lord Kitchener—a methodical but hardly a quick worker—had too much to do, and therefore kept too much to himself and entrusted too little to the weakened and dispersed General Staff. But he had great qualities. His military judgments were generally broad and sound, and I fancy the Cabinet put great faith in them. He let himself be persuaded into one error, and many of his appointments were not good. Under the Kitchener régime there has been far too much age and past service and far too little youth and promise in Army commands. But he came to some excellent decisions, and one of the most helpful features of his career at the War Office was his affectionate relationship with Joffre, whom he somewhat resembles in character as well as in special military training, and the resulting cordiality of Anglo-French association in the field. Difficult as his mission is, he will probably be happier with the soldiers than he has been with the politicians. I wonder what he thinks of them?

LORD KITCHENER having gone, there can be no manner of doubt that the Prime Minister did well to propose himself as his *locum tenens*. No other appointment would have been adequate. The public were frightened last week at Lord Kitchener's sudden departure, and the bold inventiveness of the "Globe" frightened them still more. Mr. Asquith's financial speech in the Commons showed that his great powers of work have already been freely used, and it is very good news that they have been specially employed in the reconstruction of the General Staff and the constitution of an Allied War Council. That, much more than the *personnel* of the War Committee, is the real

need of the hour. What, after all, can Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour, Mr. McKenna, Mr. Law, and Mr. Lloyd George know of military detail? And how greatly is the value of their judgment of the broader questions of strategy enhanced when a considered expert judgment lies behind it!

MOREOVER, the greatest preoccupation of the Cabinet must just now be finance. It is obvious that there has been terribly lax spending—in one of the war departments above all others—that contract prices have been run up, and that the infection of extravagance has run through all classes, and caught the workman worst of all. One hears of little or no working-class saving, even in the face of wage-bills which, in munition factories, have run up as high as £11 or £12 a week, and in the case of women to £3 10s. One hopes that the countering movement is at last effectively in hand. Mr. Runciman is dealing with freights and food supplies; the foolishly extravagant military rations are being cut down to something like the liberal naval standards; wild contracting is being looked into. But there is a wide feeling that an entirely independent body—and not a mere offshoot of the Government that is really on its trial in this matter—should be at work on these serious investigations. And who should supply such a body but the House of Commons?

THE powerful statement on conscription which was recently issued by a committee of members of the House opposed to that policy has had a striking degree of support. More than two hundred members have already adhered to it. But this body is not for show and formal support. The number of working members of the Committee has now reached a figure rarely attained in movements initiated by private members.

THE King's illness has been a painful, though not a dangerous one. One foot was rather badly crushed, and the abdomen much bruised. The suffering was very bravely borne.

AFTER listening to the all-is-lost debate in the Lords the other night, I came away with the conviction that what is wanted there is a new Chatham—one below the gangway preferred. Such a carnival of dismalness I could not have imagined without having actually seen it. Lord Courtney's speech struck me as thoroughly logical—as pointing, indeed, to the only possible moral to be drawn from the picture of ruin, disaster, and national infatuation painted with such gloomy enthusiasm by those strangely conjoined artists, Lord Loreburn and Lord Milner. Yet the celebration—if I may so describe an occasion so lugubrious—was not without its humors. As one who can recall John Morley's famous fight for the Press in South Africa during the Boer War, I especially enjoyed Lord Milner's belated conversion to the cause of an unmuzzled Press, qualified, to be sure, by a stiff discrimination against posters. Next morning, by the way, I observed that most of the sympathetic posters were made up of phrases from this very *oraison funèbre*.

ALTHOUGH there are times in which it is well to veil great controversies, I think it would be a pity to pass entirely unnoticed the unconscious tribute paid by the "Times" one day last week to the foresight of the authors of the Parliament Act. Those sagacious men, it will be remembered, always held—it was a point on which Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman was particularly insistent—that the removal of the legislative veto would still leave with the Lords great powers of "delay, revision, and deliberation." From the testimony of the "Times," which headed its notes on the subject, "Strength of the House of Lords," it would seem that those predictions are in process of being more than realized, since the Lords are now credited (not unjustly) with a greater freedom of debate than the Commons. "There has been no more interesting feature in the politics of the last few weeks," we read, "than the growing influence of the House of Lords." Pretty good for the "chamber of sycophants" of yester-year!

A DOCTOR from the front suggests to me that the scarcity of doctors here might largely be made good by a simple economy in the present system of using them at the front. This is the abolition of the field ambulances. Our system of relief for the wounded is practically that suggested by the conditions of the South African war. But these no longer apply. The feature of the South African war was its rapid mobility. Now the line is practically stationary, and the use of motors has greatly simplified the problem of getting the wounded rapidly into hospital. Thus there is no longer any need to man intermediate stations with doctors, and the wounded can be conveyed in one short journey from the first aid station to the collecting station in the rear. Is not this a possible way of re-filling our much depleted schools and hospitals?

SOLDIERS are not reluctant to speak well of their foes. The officer son of a friend of mine relates that beyond his line of trenches is a German commemoration of a British advance in the shape of a carefully wrought cross, bearing the inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Lieutenants A— and B—, of the Staffordshire regiment, who died like heroes."

How many of my readers have read Clemenceau's "In Memoriam," to my mind not only the most touching commendation of the dead I have read since the war began, but one of the finest passages of modern French prose? I give this halting translation of the closing paragraph:—

"Peace to the dead! Peace, but not oblivion. For under these unmoving waves of grass lives a story to be continued in ever-growing chapters, while the survivors who tend them proclaim the existence of a France unalterably dedicated to her secular task. It is this roadside homily of the dead which accompanied me on my way to our living warriors, companions in arms of the good soldiers whose warfare is accomplished. And it is the teaching of these French people of all ages and both sexes, coming every day to bring something of their belongings to the simple mound of earth, which bears witness beyond the grave to the endurance of an unspeakable greatness of soul."

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE LAND AFTER THE WAR.

NATURE, because her processes are slow, teaches the agriculturist to think and plan ahead. He cannot by working overtime plant his crops when the season is over, and no brilliant improvisation will force crops from untilled fields. The reflection is trite enough, but it is about the last which our public opinion and our politicians are likely to make unaided. Our national habits show the typical improvidence of an industrial population. If we want anything, we are accustomed to "order" it, and if we cannot get it on the spot, we import it. With some of the economic and social problems which will confront us after the war, it may be possible to deal in this hand-to-mouth way. The builder who has left his foundations uncovered and his scaffoldings unfinished, will resume his work without further preliminaries, when the disbanded soldiers change their khaki for corduroy. The mine which has closed a gallery, and the factory which has gone on half-time, will expand their work simply enough when the supply of labor is normal. But there is much force in the argument which Sir Horace Plunkett laid before the Council of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, to prove that agriculture will find itself after the war in a peculiarly anxious and interesting position, which demands forethought and planning even now. He thinks that public opinion has in this war received a lesson about the importance of agriculture, which will linger in our minds and influence our policy. That may be a somewhat sanguine view. We have received a bewildering number of lessons—lessons in statecraft, lessons in strategy, lessons in economics. Our politics for years after this war will be a competition among those who have learned one lesson well, to enforce it on those who think they have learned something else. The advocates of military preparedness will contend with those who urge the democratic control of foreign policy; the "blue-water school" will be at grips with the conscriptionists, and the tariff reformer at issue with the economists who argue that we owe our survival only to the finance of free trade. The old opinions will survive in the new contention, but everyone will recommend his particular belief as a lesson from the war.

The lesson about agriculture will be none the less impressive because it is negative. We have seen, without envy, yet not without admiration, the power of a State like Germany, which by making itself nearly self-contained and self-supporting in its food supply, has, even for a year, contrived to survive a blockade which would have been fatal to us. Her stability under the trial is probably nearing its end; but it conveys its lesson as to the strength of a State which has known how to preserve a due balance between agricultural and industrial production. We, indeed, by our triumphant command of the seas, have maintained our food supplies from abroad. They were never in danger, even before our fleet had reduced the menace of the German submarine campaign to nearly negligible proportions. But this dependence on foreign food supplies has its grave inconvenience. Germany, because she provisions herself, can afford while the war lasts to have a laxer finance than we dare venture on. She is piling up debt, and mortgaging her assets over and over again. She is living on what is practically an inconvertible paper currency. She may have to face, when peace comes, the most appalling prospect of economic ruin which ever overtook a modern

nation. But for the moment she does not feel the full weight of financial embarrassment, because she cannot buy abroad, and has less need than we to buy abroad. We, on the contrary, because we must buy by far the greater part of our food supply abroad, are subject to certain anxieties. It is serious for us that the exchange should go against us, that the balance of our imports over our exports continues to rise, and that a limit can be foreseen to our loans in neutral markets. Our finance would be immeasurably stronger, and our endurance longer, if we were not compelled to buy so great a proportion of our food outside these shores. That handicap will not cease with the war. Our exports indeed will begin to mount again when peace is restored, and the balance of trade may soon become more normal. But we shall want our exports not merely to pay for our food, but also to pay off our debts. If we could by scientific farming and skilful organization make our agriculture more productive, the balance would clearly cause us less anxiety.

Nor is this the only "lesson" which Sir Horace Plunkett draws from our present experience. It was our good fortune to encounter the supreme test of our sea-power while the submarine and air-craft were still imperfect inventions. The ingenuity of our sailors has evolved defensive expedients which, for the time being, are nearly adequate. It may be that the attack and the defence will continue to develop nearly equally. When the big submarine cruiser is built, which can carry fuel for a long voyage and mount a heavy gun, it is probable that the inventiveness of our naval tacticians and constructors will know how to deal with her. But the history of warfare does none the less suggest that there may be a dangerous interval during which the novel attack will be superior to the improvised defence. If such an interval were to occur in the early period of another war, our food supply might cause us an anxiety which we have escaped during the present ordeal. One need not be an alarmist about this possibility, to admit that it makes an additional argument, when there are already so many, for the fostering of our agriculture. The decisive argument is to our thinking that which Sir Horace Plunkett emphasizes. "For a long time to come we shall not be able to pay for food with manufactures, because these will hardly suffice to pay the interest and reduce the principal of the obligations we have incurred." That is primarily an argument for making our manufacturers as active, as enterprising, as well-organized as possible. It would be folly to divert to agriculture the labor and the skill which might be employed more profitably in manufacture. But it would be an even grosser folly to allow the labor, the capital, and the skill which are already employed on agriculture to go on producing a fraction of their possible output for want of the organization which can turn them to the best account.

The human aspect of this problem is even more absorbing and more important. In what mood will the disbanded soldier view his village and his fields? The traditional experience of most civilized countries after long wars is not re-assuring. The soldier is too often spoiled for the slow life and the innocent but monotonous interests of the farm. His nervous organization has been tuned to a high pitch. He has lived for glory and excitement, and, what is perhaps even more to the point, he has lived in the constant society of multitudes of comrades. The small holding seems intolerably dull, the village a sleepy and tedious outpost. The veteran tends notoriously to the towns, and too often they absorb him only to destroy him. A forecast based on these gloomy

memories may be unduly pessimistic. This cannot be a long war, as length used to be reckoned in history. Nor has it been a war of the old spectacular excitements. For one man whom it may have ruined for country life, it is possible that it has filled the minds of two or three with the craving for the peace of the fields. Sir Horace Plunkett is sanguine. He thinks that the young workman, taken suddenly from the workshop or the counter, and trained to an open-air life, when he reflects on the gain to his health, his spirits, and his moral well-being, will acquire a new outlook towards the land. We hope his prophecy is well-founded. In either event the practical conclusion is the same. If one fears that many soldiers may have lost their habitual acquiescence in country life, if one hopes that others may be turning to it with a new interest, the course to follow is clear. It is to make the prospects of the small holder as inviting and attractive as possible. It is not enough to make it possible for promising men to secure holdings on easy terms, nor even to help them by co-operative organization to obtain credit, to use machinery, and to market their produce to advantage. The social side of rural life must be immensely improved. Lord Salisbury's genial *mot*, that the real solution of the land question was to provide "circuses," had its element of truth. The boredom of a lonely country life must somehow be conjured away, whether by helping the solitary peasant to be more "clubbable" and sociable, by providing entertainment and instruction, or by improving and cheapening his communications. We shall have to face the general problem of providing for our disbanded soldiers, and we may do it well or ill, constructively or at haphazard. There will, indeed, be no escape from it. Our social and economic future for years to come will depend on whether we attempt to solve it by make-shifts and the conventional type of unemployment schemes, or whether we can evolve a large policy which will turn to the best uses the energies and capacities of the disbanded men whom our industries cannot at once absorb. The arguments for the development of agriculture and the expansion of our home food supply are so powerful that they must lead, we believe, to some big effort to provide for a large proportion of these men upon the land. The problem of our food supply and the problem of the disbanded soldier must be thought out together and solved together. It is not too soon to face them both. Rome settled her veteran legionaries as colonists on conquered soil. Let us rather scheme to provide for ours as colonists in our own half-farmed and half-peopled counties.

WILL WAR BRING REVOLUTION?

VIOLENT-MINDED persons in all countries gleefully represent this war as the bankruptcy of internationalism. During the war they (and most men) are impatient of the trammels of international law. But afterwards they seem to desire to return to an era of armed alliances between politically and economically self-sustained nations. Now it must be admitted that the war has proved that the economic, legal, and spiritual structure of internationalism was much feebler than its friends supposed, when subjected to the sudden strain put upon it. After all, it was contended, the main activities of all nations are devoted to business, and business now depends upon so intricate a network of international relations that a great world-war would

mean the suicide of nations. The interests of capital would stop such war, and if those failed, the workers of the world would intervene. Now circumstances show that international finance, always pacific in the last resort, was easily overborne by the tumultuous rush of the war-forces last year, and that the complete and almost instantaneous paralysis of business which was predicted did not occur.

Still more complete was the exposure of the feebleness of the internationalism of labor. For while the internationalism of capital was an almost unconscious process with no theory or sentiment behind it, the Socialist and Labor movements in the modern world had definitely asserted the doctrine of international solidarity and the superiority of the claims of the class-war to those of political nationalism. And yet when the trumpet sounded, the workers of each nation flocked to the flag of their country. It is not unnatural that we should turn with interest for an explanation of this strange occurrence to Mr. H. M. Hyndman, who has been, almost from its beginning, the leading exponent in this country of the theory and the politics of international Socialism. The substitution of class war for the dynastic, political, and commercial struggles between nations by which the aristocratic, capitalist, and other parasitic classes promote their particular interests and keep the workers in subjection, has been the first plank in this labor platform. In Germany, where the doctrine found its most formal acceptance and its most solidly organized expression, its collapse before the pressure of events in the summer of 1914 was as complete as in France, and more complete than in this country, where the theory of internationalism had never got a really powerful grip over working-class minds.

In his new volume of essays, "The Future of Democracy" (Allen & Unwin), Mr. Hyndman has some very interesting light to shed upon the situation. So far as his own personal attitude is concerned, he has neither apology nor explanation to tender. Though he has stood and still stands as a close adherent of the economic theories of Karl Marx, he does not accord a full acceptance either to the completely economic interpretation of history, or to the frank determinism which underlay the Marxian "philosophy of history." All ideas, sentiments, and the policies and institutions they inform, are not for him the mere products of economic needs and pressures. All wars are not "capitalist" wars:—

"The wars in China, Burmah, South Africa, Morocco, Tonquin, Cochinchina, Madagascar, Manchuria, Korea, Cuba, Tripoli, and the Philippines, were undoubtedly all of them capitalist wars in the strict sense; wars, that is to say, whose primary object was to obtain an extension of trade and commerce; or to ensure the expansion of some financial scheme. On the other hand, the wars of emancipation, such as those of Italy and Hungary and the Balkan Principalities, cannot be brought under this head, nor can the wars of Germany against Austria and France. The war between Great Britain, France, Russia, Serbia, &c., against Germany and Austria-Hungary is likewise not a capitalist war in its origin."

This, we confess, appears to us a somewhat unreal distinction. No war is purely of "capitalist" origin, and no war is uninfluenced and undirected by business considerations. "World-power," "A Place in the Sun," "Freedom of the Sea," the typical expressions of the German challenge, are largely inspired by economic motives. But it is interesting to find the chief prophet of Marxism making so frank and formal an abandonment of one of the

foundation stones of the system. Hardly less significant is his confession of the exaggerated hopes and expectations of the Socialistic theorists who flourished in Germany:—

"Germans have taken and kept the lead since 1848 in the development of modern Socialism and Internationalism. Strange to say, the international combination, resulting largely from their efforts, has been twice upset by Germany herself, and in both cases by an attack upon France. The old 'International' of 1864 was destroyed by the campaign of 1870-71. The new International of 1900 has been broken up by the rush upon Paris, which was all but successful in 1914."

It is worth while trying to understand why the internationalism of labor turns out so feeble a defence of peace. Or, putting the same question more concretely, "Why is a general strike against war recognized as impracticable, even by many Socialists who profess hatred of militarism and regard all wars as 'capitalistic wars'?" The first and most convincing reason is that the workers of different countries are not sufficiently in sympathy with each other. Their unity is theoretic, expressing rather an aspiration than an actuality. Men who do not even know one another's language and are unacquainted with the conditions of life in foreign countries, cannot in fact be got to carry out effectively a difficult plan of campaign by general appeals to the solidarity of labor. The emotional force of common nationality, supported by all the rigor of law, easily overpowers the diffused "class consciousness" on which Socialism relies. But there is another reason for the failure. Marxism relied for the fulfilment of its aims upon an enervating doctrine of determinism. In due time, by the mere process of economic development, the triumph of social democracy must come about. Why then exert ourselves? Sorel and the Syndicalists realized the folly of this "scientific" method, and plunged into the opposite error, over-emphasizing the creative power of the human will. There are, indeed, throughout these essays of Mr. Hyndman interesting signs of the tendency of present-day Socialists to release themselves from the fetters of the older doctrines. The distrust and hatred of State Socialism as it works out in the hands of bureaucrats, have, at any rate in Great Britain, undermined the old idea that all that was wanted was to hurry up the natural process by which big businesses were ripening for State monopolies whose employees would enjoy the freedom and the dignity of public service. So here we find Mr. Hyndman lapsing, consciously or unconsciously, into pure Syndicalism, in his interpretation of the future of the joint stock company:—

"Remove the shareholders, as mere anonymous encumbrances, and the workers could easily pay the managers their salaries, if necessary, and carry on the business equally well, even if competition were not immediately abolished."

Like so many other ardent reformers, Mr. Hyndman finds in this war "the coming of the day of the Lord":—

"The really critical times in these islands will come after the declaration of peace. The workers will have borne more than their fair share of the fighting; the proportion of wage-earners to well-to-do men at the front being at least twenty-four to one. When these soldiers return they will be very different men from what they were when they left. They will know that they have been the means of helping to avert, by their coolness and discipline and heroism, the disaster to Western civilization which the victory of Germany would have occasioned. But as they survey the conditions of their class, which large numbers of them will do from the ranks of the

unemployed, it is at least probable they will ask themselves 'was it worth while?'"

It is possible that the destructiveness of war itself upon the one hand, and the assertion of the State upon the other, may have dealt such heavy blows to private property and profiteering enterprise as to facilitate the coming of the Social Democratic Order, with its security of employment and its equitable apportionment of the product. It is conceivable that the mere presence of large bodies of citizens, trained and experienced in arms, and confronted with the alternatives of starvation and revolution, may prove that "midwife of reform" which was the rôle prescribed for force by the revolutionary formula. Mr. Hyndman thinks it certain that "when peace is proclaimed it will be impossible for the rulers of any of the European nations to neglect the rising forces of democracy." But the question remains, "Will they rise?" If peace only means a return to an era of armaments, alliances, and international suspicions, with purely nationalist sentiments everywhere dominant, the military-bureaucratic Governments, which war will everywhere leave established, may remain strong enough to preserve order and discipline among what will be accurately described as "the rank and file" of the peoples. Is it certain that the peoples will possess the intelligence, the capacity, and the will to "rise" effectively against this dominion of their masters? For it must not be forgotten that the direct and necessary effects of war are to weaken the intelligence and the will of the individual, while it will have played havoc everywhere with the effective organizations of the working-classes.

RUSKI-I YAZYK.

HE who has been learning Russian but a week pities him who knows so much of it that he cannot see its wonders. Because it is reputed strange to all the languages we have yet known, it soon becomes an interesting document of human history. "The knowledge," says Trubner, "of other non-Slavonic languages will be of little assistance" in learning Russian. We are going to find either scores of thousands of new sounds for the human tongue, or those we know are going to be so transposed that the same sound will very rarely, perhaps never, signify the same thing as it does in English, Latin, French, or German. Certain words have lately been borrowed, of course, from Western tongues, names for new things, such as telephone and beefsteak, but eternal, elementary things like food and drink and husband and wife will be altogether different.

So, the first shock we experience is that the root ideas of identity and of self-consciousness, than which surely nothing could be more primitive to a thinking animal, are expressed in Russian by words that might have been carelessly cribbed from the Latin primer. *Sum*, I am, *es*, thou art, *est*, he is, said Julius Cæsar. General Rusky says, *Em, ese, est*, and, straying a little in the first two persons of the plural, comes handsomely into line at the finish with *soot*, they are. That is not all. We remember the Latin sentence, *Mea mater sus est mala*, which, because every word in it means two different things, can be translated either, "My mother is a bad sow," or "Look out, mother! The sow is eating the apples." It is scarcely likely that the Romans pronounced the word *est* exactly the same, whether it meant "she is" or "she eats." Perhaps they would have spelt it differently if the alphabet had permitted. The

Russian word for "he eats" is also *est*, spelt with a slightly different "e," so that it reads in our alphabet "yest."

Of course, little facts like this show that Slav is a collateral of Latin, and that they both derive from the same parent. Ethnologists have doubtless identified that pre-Babel ancestor quite definitely somewhere in the Far East. The casual student of Russian who knows nothing about these abstruse researches makes his own discoveries, and they delight him as much as a trilobite that he cannot name delights him who chips it out from an unknown rock. Right under our noses for years have lain side by side the rupee and the rouble, and we have not realized how very much akin they were. We learn from our Russian grammar that though the Russian coin is spelt somewhat as we spell it, the Russian pronunciation of that spelling is "roop." No doubt the Anglo-Indian who took up a Russian phrase-book would find a whole feast of easy words in that part of it that is worse than Greek to him who attacks it from the French or German side. The word for ship, for example, is spelt *korable*, somewhat reminiscent of the British coracle, but in its pronunciation, "karap," it sounds more like some Arab barque.

It is in intimate, domestic ideas that we are generally told to look for long-wearing words that survive the changes that disguise the origin of less every-day concepts. Here the Westerner finds himself at home again in this strange, non-Latin language. We need not indicate which of our relatives respectively are named by the Russian words, *brat*, *mat*, and *sistra*, and though possibly the identity of *atets* and father might not be guessed at first sight, they are sufficiently alike to show a common origin. We should be mistaken if we guessed that *dyadya* meant father; it means uncle. *Sun*, with a very short "u," means son, and *doch* means daughter. The primitive meal is a standard to which man is expected to remain faithful through the changes of language. The Russian word for water is *vada*, flame is *plamya*, and kettle is *katyol*. Surely there is no other language which preserves its relationship with English in these elementary concepts of father and mother, fire and water so well as this remote and foreign *Ruski-i Yazyk*. As we put the full stop to that sentence, a random glance at the dictionary gives us *krushka* for jug (the widow's cruise), and next to it *sok* for juice.

We could write a long list of such ancient words that are quite or nearly the same in Russian and English. If that list and similar lists in favor of French and German could be got out, it seems quite likely that England would win. Modern borrowings, of course, are on a different footing. Russia has been deeply penetrated by Germany from below, and by France on a more intellectual plane. An examination of several strata of ideas with the German accretions in one and French in another, will be very interesting as a plan for our next dip into the dictionary. We are wondering to-day how and when the potato, which is a British gift to the Western world, reached Russia. It has got there under the strange German term *kartofil* (so spelt in Trubner's phonetics). On the other hand, the cabbage, which we believe came into England a century later than the potato, is named in Russia neither *choux* nor *kraut*, but *kapusta*.

There is another direction in which to examine a new language, and perhaps more interesting than any of those yet indicated. The absence of a word from a dictionary may imply the absence of a crime, a disease, or what not, from the life of a people. For a supreme example we have to go to fiction. The Houghnhnms

deemed it so impossible that anyone should say that a thing was when it was not, that there was no word for lie in their dictionary. It would seem that the Russian has no well-used positive name for enemy. He appreciates a friend well enough, and has a word for him, but his worst word for enemy seems to be the equivalent of "unfriend" or "no friend." We borrow our term (a negative one) for this concept from the Latin, while the Germans have a term of their own, *Feind*, how nearly related to our "fiend," who shall say? And, lastly, the Russian name for watch is a plural noun like our "scissors." It is plural of hour. "Have you the time on you?" asks the Briton. "It is ten o'clock by my hours," says the Russian.

Letters to the Editor.

APPROACHES TO PEACE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Hobson says that I do not count in the punishment of Germany the ordeal of death and privation that she has already undergone. I do not; and I should be very illogical if I did. For this suffering, though it should weigh with everyone in the matter of compassion, did not weigh with Prussia in the prospect of conquest. I say a person is not punished at all if he suffers in failure only what he himself expected to suffer in success. A man pays ten shillings for a revolver to murder and rob the man next door. Being a German murderer, he will also, let us admit, probably pay ten shillings more for his gun licence. When he is caught with his neighbor's property on him, Mr. Hobson suggests that he should suffer nothing save the forfeiture of the stolen goods. I mildly protest that this is scarcely likely to discourage murder and robbery in the neighborhood. And then Mr. Hobson complains that I do not remember that the murderer first paid a pound out of his moderate income. To which I answer that the pound in question he was ready to pay in any case; he always reckoned it as an outlay and not as credit. He was not so stupid as to suppose that he could fire without firearms; and Germany was not so stupid as to suppose that she could win without slaughter.

Mr. Hobson's letter ends with a very curious passage, in which, I can only say, he seems to be complaining that anybody should take any notice of him. In the face of the flaming facts of French or Serbian enthusiasm he attempts to revive the stale Pacifist cliché (applicable only to the dynastic feuds before the French Revolution) about indifferent nations butchered for a sport of kings. "It looks as if they were afraid lest the peoples, tired of being forced like dumb, driven cattle to the slaughter, might turn upon their rulers and insist that those who had got them into this bloody business should get them out of it. Otherwise, why this anger directed against a mere contemptible handful of persons who, like myself, question the value, the necessity, and the meaning of 'fighting to a finish'?" I know not what to answer to this, except that I do not debate with causes I think contemptible, and cannot debate with those that want to be thought contemptible. Like Mr. Hobson, I am not moved by dialectical ambition, but by a strong sense of the danger of trifling with reality. And can anyone with the faintest *flair* for reality have any patience with Mr. Hobson and his dumb, driven cattle? Do the French need M. Briand at the last moment to tell them that Prussia has been their pitiless enemy? Is the Prussian in Belgium only unpopular in exclusive Court circles? Was the Italian populace driven into the war like sheep by the politicians? Is it not self-evident that the politicians, if anyone, were driven like sheep by the populace?

The real reason for resisting suggestions like Mr. Hobson's is the opposite of the one he suggests. It is that the democracies allied with us are in such deadly and solid earnest about delivering the world from a nightmare of force, that our smallest timidity will seem like treachery. The

reason of their adamant unanimity is very simple; and it is the answer to all Mr. Hobson's arguments. It is that they know in fact what few Englishmen even know in history. They know what Prussia is. It has nothing to do with Germany continuing to be German, with which nobody wishes to interfere. It is a terror. It is one under which Germany still lies, and under which Europe lay until quite lately. It is the legend of the unconquerable man, the man of destiny, whose power has increased steadily for two hundred years. It will now increase still more, if the unconquerable man is not quite unquestionably conquered. Anything short of such palpable triumph will seem to his worshippers merely another of the miraculous escapes of the favorite of fate. It is, among other things, the only possible chance of the Germans ever making what is called in Christendom a nation. It is certainly unfortunate that Prussianism has had this long opportunity to strike its roots so deep that it will be difficult to tear them up; but it will be much more difficult later on. I was amused with your correspondent who suggested that we should imitate the peace achieved by Frederick the Great's characteristic tenderness of heart. The benefits conferred upon suffering humanity by those who made that peace included, among other things, all the people killed in the present war.—Yours, &c.,

G. K. CHESTERTON.

November 10th, 1915.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Having constantly admired Mr. Hobson's unbiassed and clear-headed views on economic questions and domestic politics, I am acutely disappointed by what seems to me such one-sided and confused arguments as those he now uses. It is, however, impossible to discuss satisfactorily unless some premises are admitted on both sides. I must, therefore, say that I approach the question on the following data; that Mr. Hobson will agree with them I have doubts, but that is one reason why I put them forward, so that he may either accept or reject them, and that thus the air may be cleared.

First, I consider that the present war was commenced by Germany deliberately, after years of preparation; that its object (avowed to, and approved of, by practically the whole of her population) was to establish herself as the supreme Power in Europe and probably on the seas; that to seize the propitious moment she urged Austria to make and adhere to unreasonable demands on Serbia, and forced an entry into Belgium in order to attack France at her weakest point.

Secondly, I consider that this unanimous support of the German Government by her people was attributable to the success of the campaigns of 1864, 1866, and 1870-71, aided by an elaborate system of "educating" the public mind and blunting the public conscience by distorting history and sociology to suit political aims, and pandering to a false and antiquated spirit of patriotism by stimulating racial and personal arrogance and aggression.

Turning to Mr. Hobson's letter, I observe that he draws no distinction between wars of offence and wars of defence. England took part in this war, and secured the unanimous consent of her people in so doing, not even to defend herself, but to defend her immediate neighbors and friends. I quite agree that "if Germany invaded our country . . . our spirit of resistance would not be broken" any more than that of Belgium, France, Russia, and even Serbia, is at this moment broken. But to say that "the idea that motives would work differently in the case of Germany is too foolish to need serious refutation" seems to me to be making an egregious assumption on the most approved German lines, and (to alter Mr. Hobson's words) "such bad psychology can only be explained by the havoc wrought by fear upon the imagination and the intelligence." Surely, after the defeat of Napoleon France soon gave up the aggressive tendencies fostered by his successful generalship. And I submit that many other changes of national opinion have resulted from failure. But no half-measures will do it, and the failure must be manifest. "Death and suffering, privation, and the certain (*sic*) prospect of financial ruin" are shared by Germany with her opponents, and do not constitute failure. Moreover, this "financial ruin" is once more a mere hypothesis of Mr. Hobson's, and does not fit

in with another statement of his under "Proposition I," where he says "She will (after being 'crushed') possess great resources of trained soldiers, and the science, discipline, patriotism, and other qualities which make a nation formidable if a warlike purpose still inspires their use."

Let us now study Mr. Hobson's sketch of "peace terms," which he makes (perhaps wisely, though it adds to the confusion of the issue) as vague as possible, and which is, I conclude, not based on any authority whatever but on the assumption that Germany begins to feel some pinch somewhere; that her enormous preparations of men, munitions, finance, and "opinion" are gradually becoming equalled by those recently effected by the Allies—that is, that at this moment she begins to see a possibility of the balance turning against her at some not far distant date. At this same moment I quite agree that Europe as a whole has suffered far more heavily than Germany; but it seems to me evident that if this be not reversed, either German dominance will be established, or another European war at an early date is inevitable. Yet this is the very moment that Mr. Hobson considers propitious for considering (or is it for postulating?) "some preliminary basis for negotiations towards a settlement." Certainly a strange diplomacy; one almost prefers the "secret diplomacy" which I believe he condemns.

Assuming some settlement on the lines of the *status quo ante bellum* to be attained, I reply to Mr. Hobson's five propositions thus:—

1. Surely it is evident that the greater the damage done, the greater the effort of recuperation required. To come out of the war intact, and with less damage to civilian life and property than even sea-girt England has suffered from, would place Germany a long way towards that dominant position she desired and set out to obtain.

2. Militarism and conscription would then be doubly necessary for the Allies.

3. The German Government would say to its people, "You see, we have lost nothing. The alliance of four great Powers has not infringed our frontiers. Let us wait a few short years, and success is assured."

4. Thus German militarism would be triumphant, and would be free to work (with greater prestige) for allies even more strenuously than in the past.

5. By such a sequel the old balance of power would have to be re-established, but in a state of much less stable equilibrium than before.

There being no established "Court of Appeal," I conclude that what Mr. Hobson considers would be "good for Germany" and "have a far better educational influence upon the German people than overwhelming force of numbers in the field," are the arguments of pacifist orators, addressed to people who accept the dictum "necessity knows no law," and the "philosophical explanation" of the Belgium atrocities which says, "if you are running for your life you may traverse your neighbor's garden," the truth being that they stabbed their neighbor, so as to get unawares at the back of their remoter victim.

To conclude, I do not agree that Mr. Hobson and his school form a "contemptible handful of persons." On the contrary, I regard them as a dangerous menace to the success of the Allies, and their utterances provocative of extending the war and sacrificing more lives. It is just because of this that I trespass so largely on your space.—Yours, &c.,

WILFRED R. STORR.

Hampstead. November 10th, 1915.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Some of your correspondents seem to be searching for a possible touchstone of peace. May I venture to suggest that this is to be found, sure, certain, and automatic in its operation, in a serious initiative proceeding from Germany herself? The Allies are avowedly the depositories of peace—not the technical kind that closes a war, but the *peace of the world*, of which they are but trustees, and the sword in their hand is the pledge that they will, God helping them, hand it down to their children's children. Such peace is not for sale, and it is therefore beside the mark to urge that they should announce "positively the lowest figure" which they will accept for a cessation of hostilities.—Yours, &c.,

C. M. HUDSON.

Southbourne. November 8th, 1915.

EDUCATION AND THE PRESENT CRISIS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A letter from Mr. Arthur Henderson to his colleagues in the National Service of Education, bearing the above title, has recently been sent to Local Education Authorities, the Universities, and the governing bodies of schools and colleges. From it we are given to understand "that civilization must curtail its most constructive work to preserve itself from destruction," and that "that time has now come." In other words pressure is to be brought upon the bodies above mentioned to force members of the teaching profession to enlist, irrespective of any needs, real or presumptive, of the rising generation. As is well known, the London County Council has taken immediate steps to fulfil the recommendations of the circular. The particular method adopted is to offer to pay the full salaries of those teachers of military age who enlist now, and to threaten that, should conscription be introduced later on, those teachers who have failed to respond to the earlier summons shall have no salaries and be deprived of any opportunity of re-entering the Council's service after the war.

Leaving aside the question as to whether this veiled form of conscription is reconcilable with Mr. Henderson's expressed belief in the voluntary system, and his somewhat naïve remark that "we can get all the men we need without resorting to compulsion," leaving aside, moreover, the question as to whether, in drafting this circular, he had the approval and assistance of the permanent officials of the Board of Education (a point on which we should like further information), would it not be well to consider if the practical abandonment of such constructive work as education at a time like the present is necessary and judicious?

In England we do not believe in education; we never have believed in it. The plain man does not appreciate so subtle and intangible a thing as mental development. To the broad mass of Englishmen, education is either a luxury or a specific means of obtaining employment—Eton at one end of the scale and the "Civil Service College" at the other. It is a preparation for life in a fashionable or a commercial sense. The education rate is perhaps the one at which the taxpayer is most accustomed to grumble.

We are face to face in this war with a nation which, as we must perforce admit, has carried organization to a higher point of perfection than ourselves or our Allies, not in connection with military affairs alone, though this has been the main consideration, but in all the departments of civil life. Particularly has this been the case in education of a higher standard than that of the elementary school. It must have struck the most superficial observer who has been in Germany or been in contact with Germans that teaching and the teaching profession are treated with a respect in that country which to ourselves appears unnecessary and uncalled for.

This is not the occasion to dwell on the subject of German organization of education or to go into details. But the course of recent events forces us to ask ourselves wherein lie the causes that have militated against our success hitherto in this war. It is agreed upon all hands that in courage, in hardihood, in the more strictly military virtues, we are certainly not inferior to our enemies. Nor, on the Western front, are we and our Allies inferior in numbers or munitions. For a long time we have been taking the offensive, and our resources go on increasing, while those of our opponents dwindle. But it is becoming increasingly apparent that it is in certain sections of the command that we are tried and found wanting. There is no question of the courage of individual officers; it is in Staff work, apparently, that the weakness lies.

Military skill, like every form of skill, is a product of two factors: a specific ability that is developed and trained for the particular end in view, and a general ability that is partly innate and partly the result of an all-round preparation which cannot be improvised and which no amount of specialized instruction can supersede. Let your individual specialize narrowly and prematurely, and he remains imperfect, with a truncated brain power. The Spartans are the classical example of the military result of such narrowness. Their system produced heroic men, but not able leaders. Their history is one long record of individual heroism and futile leadership. Their war with Athens, which offers so

curious, and in some respects, so exact an analogy to the present gigantic struggle, was signalized on the one side by an incapacity for generalship in the field and on the other (*absit omen!*) by a vacillating and incompetent policy. The same fundamental problems that confronted men then confront us to-day in different circumstances. How is a nation to be trained so that it may produce brains as well as sinews?

Education is not an unimportant matter at this crisis. It is not irrelevant to the present issue that our schools should be maintained at their highest level of efficiency. We do not know how long the struggle will last. We do not know at what point or in what manner we are to begin the work of reconstructing the society that is menaced, the civilization that is shaken to its foundations by this war. We are paying now, in hundreds of thousands of lives, for an unpreparedness that was not merely military. The one splendid fact that has emerged from the war is our national vigor and stamina. Dare one hope to impress upon the nation the truth that any loss or failure of education now may mean that our children will lack the ability to cope with the problems of the future? That is the danger that confronts us in the literal fulfilment of Mr. Henderson's circular.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD SMITH.

November 9th, 1915.

ITALY AND SERBIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As far as lies in the power of one who spends most of his time in the country, I study the Press of the day. I believe that THE NATION was one of the first, if not the first, organ of the Press to advocate Italian intervention on behalf of Serbia through Montenegro and Albania. I refer to your review of "The Events of the Week" in THE NATION of October 9th. I was myself at that moment trying to induce one of your contemporaries to take a similar view, but their answer was "*non possumus*," and in a leading paragraph in the next week's issue of that contemporary I read words to this effect: "Italy is steadily bringing the power of her arms to bear on the Austrians at the point where *she can best help Serbia*, viz., on the Isonzo." The italics are mine. Your dogmatic contemporary is probably now realizing that, as far as Italy is concerned, she will still be "on the Isonzo," when Serbia is no more. And an Italian Nationalist organ, "Idea Nazionale," has the effrontery to reproach Mr. Asquith for not mentioning Italy in connection with the Balkans in his speech of November 3rd, and to add that "Italy alone can accomplish really decisive action in the Balkans, and consequently save Serbia." Then why does Italy fold her hands? Her Queen is Montenegrin. The ports of Antivari, Dulcigno, Alessio, Durazzo, and Avlona are open to her. There is a railway from Antivari to Virpazar, and although admittedly the roads from these ports into Serbia are not good, still, as you yourself suggest, "with plenty of motor transport, the task could be accomplished." Luciano Magrini, of the "Secolo," states that Essad Pasha holds Durazzo, and is friendly to the Serbians. Montenegrins will give every help via Virpazar and Podgoritz; and, finally, the latest news from Rome and Salonika (via Paris) indicates that Italy is getting nervous about her own interests in Montenegro and Albania, and that an Anglo-Italian landing at Avlona and advance thence on Monastir are contemplated. I advocated this action on the part of Italy before the Central Asian Society's meeting on October 20th. Italy has lost a clear month. Dr. Dillon, writing in the "Contemporary Review" of June last, said: "Italy can turn the balance." The wrong way, may-be! Italy owes more than she can ever repay to France and England. Prompt action by her now might have wiped out that debt.—Yours, &c.,

A. C. YATE (Lieut.-Col.).

November 10th, 1915.

ENLISTMENT AND COMMERCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The time has arrived when the business men and employers of labor of this country should demand from the Government or Director-General of Recruiting a clearly

defined statement as to what is required of them and of their employees.

I am convinced that I voice the opinion of the great majority of business men when I say we should unhesitatingly support organized conscription in preference to chaotic voluntarism. Of its own accord, and in the true spirit, the voluntary system provided us during the first year of war with a great Army, but in its present form, with indiscriminate recruiting letters, aggressive solicitation, war badges, and khaki armlets, voluntarism in the real sense exists no longer. It is useless to disguise the fact that recruiting has now reached a stage of undignified and unorganized coercion. Great masses of the wrong class of men engaged on work of the utmost importance will be taken, and unless the Government immediately classifies the occupations of men who can be spared, the effects will be disastrous to the great business community, who supply the sinews of war, and by whom the country will stand or fall.

Money is going to play a part of paramount importance in the next few months, and the business men will have to foot the greatest bill the world has known. We want to be told plainly by the Government which trades and industries are considered imperative to the supply of munitions and to the commercial welfare of Great Britain, and which are not. The Government has hitherto refused to specify the trades which are unnecessary and from which men can be taken. Why? I want to know what they expect of me. I am of military age and proprietor of a big military tailoring business, with 200 employees engaged almost entirely on the making of officers' uniforms and contracts to the War Office for officers' equipment. My employees want to know what the Government expect of them. Every man in my employ whose position could be adequately filled by women has joined the Forces. Those who are left, skilled men whose places cannot be filled, are now considering whether it is their duty to join the Army. They want to be told by those in authority whether it is or is not.

I have applied repeatedly for war badges for my men, but can get no satisfactory answer. Armlets will apparently not be issued to them, and they will be daily submitted to intolerable humiliation. What am I to understand? Is it my duty to close down a business manufacturing paramount essentials to His Majesty's officers, and incidentally paying the country some thousands per annum in taxes? I want no more evasion or silence. I want a plain answer from them in a few words, "Your trade is essential to the country" or "Your trade can be dispensed with." The Government must coherently state their requirements or acknowledge the problem is beyond their intellects. If it is, then let us have a committee of business men to settle the matter for them.—Yours, &c.,

H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

14, Old Bond Street, London, W.

November 1st, 1915.

Poetry.

THE OMEGA.

STRICKEN to earth; his sword snapped in his hand;
Shield cast away; down-beaten to the knee,
He sees the foes he made above him stand,
Now he has only Me.

His towers fall; before his feet there lie
Wrecks of the hopes that he shall never see;
Naked unto the blast, Death drawing nigh,
Now he has only Me.

But he has Me. The last illusions fade;
The trumpet sounds no more; and man set free
From tyranny of dreams his pride had made,
At last has only Me.

For many loves he now has only one;
His many gods before the tempest flee;
His light is dying and his day is done,
But he at last has Me.

EDWARD SHILLITO.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "With Our Army in Flanders." By G. Valentine Williams. (Arnold. 12s. 6d. net.)
 "Life in a Railway Factory." By Alfred Williams. (Duckworth. 5s. net.)
 "The Making of British India." By Ramsay Muir. (Longmans. 6s. net.)
 "What of the Dardanelles?" By Captain Granville Fortescue. (Hodder & Stoughton. 1s. net.)
 "My Life out of Prison." By Donald Lowrie. (Lane. 6s. net.)
 "Women in Modern Industry." By B. L. Hutchins. (Bell. 4s. 6d. net.)
 "Beggars on Horseback." By F. Tennyson Jesse. (Heinemann. 6s.)
 "Good Old Anna." By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. (Hutchinson. 6s. net.)

A FRIEND recently gave me an amusing description of the predicament of a French lady who had been asked to sing at a concert in aid of a hospital for wounded soldiers. Just as she was about to go on the platform, she heard with astonishment that a song which would make people laugh was not to be thought of at a charity concert in a cathedral town, in England, on a Sunday. The story came into my mind as I was reading the second series of Miss Winifred Stephens's "French Novelists of To-Day," recently published by Mr. John Lane. For it is puzzling that among a people so entirely alien from the French temperament there should be a large number who not only read French novels (mostly, it is true, in translations), but even books about them. It is not so very long ago since the usual critical treatment of French fiction in England was to compile a list of its crimes and to warn readers against its pernicious effects. Even Thackeray, who ought to have known his subject, took this attitude, and wrote himself down a Philistine in the act. Readers will remember that one of the signs that young Mr. Arthur Pendennis was inclined to run off the rails was that, during the Long Vacation, he was not content with English "light literature," but "brought down boxes of the light literature of the neighboring country of France; into the leaves of which, when Helen dipped, she read such things as caused her to open her eyes with wonder."

BUT several of Thackeray's contemporaries were worse than he. I lighted upon a striking example in a review by W. R. Greg of a batch of books by the two Dumas, George Sand, Alfred de Musset, and some other writers of their period. In addition to the statement that "French fiction has always been more or less diseased and indecorous," it contains the following spirited passage:—

"It is hard to say whether the current politics or the current literature of France convey the more vivid impression of utter and profound demoralization—the willing servitude, the craven fear, the thirsty materialism, the absence of all liberal sentiments or noble aspiration, indicated by the one—the abandonment of all self-control or self-respect, the surrender of all manliness, dignity, or reticence, the hunger after the most diseased, unholy, and extravagant excitement, characteristic of the other—or the intense and unrebuked selfishness, the passionate and slavish worship of wealth and power, which constitute the basis and the soul of both alike."

What a change has taken place either in French fiction, or in ourselves, or in both! French fiction is not a bogey to this generation. It is primarily a model.

MISS STEPHENS's book opens with an essay on the tendencies visible in the French novel on the eve of the war. Chief among them she finds a revolt against intellectualism and a return to authority. She believes "that Young France was stiffening her neck against the gospel of Voltaire and bowing it to receive the yoke of Bossuet, that she was revolting against the scepticism of her fathers and returning to the dogmatism of her grandfathers." I am not so sure. A return to Catholic and monarchical principles, led by men like M. Paul Bourget and M. Maurice Barrès, both of whom have sown their wild oats in other fields, and neither of whom is usually credited with a firm belief in the

Catholic creeds, does not promise much for altar and throne. A current such as Miss Stephens indicates was evident in recent French literature, but it was only one of several currents, and some of those who know France best believe that it was merely a backwater. "La foi," says Anatole France, in "La Révolte des Anges," "à ses vicissitudes. Sous l'ancien régime, le peuple était croyant; la noblesse ne l'était pas, ni la bourgeoisie lettrée. Aujourd'hui le peuple ne croit à rien. La bourgeoisie veut croire et y réussit quelquefois." The prospects of success in this undertaking have not been brightened by the policy of the Vatican in regard to the war.

Or the half-dozen novelists with whom Miss Stephens is concerned, the youngest is in his forties, so that it needs a liberal interpretation of the word to include any of them among "les Jeunes." M. Jean Aicard is well on towards seventy, and has been the protégé of Lamartine and the friend of Michelet and Flaubert. M. Pierre Mille and M. René Boylesve are both in their fifties, and though M. Mille has done with some success for the French colonies what Mr. Kipling did for Anglo-Indian life, he is usually classed as deriving from Loti, and neither he nor M. Boylesve have much influence on the younger men. Madame Marcelle Tinayre is always an interesting writer, but her novels, again, strike no fresh note, and only one of them, "La Maison du Péché," has gained much attention. There remain M. Romain Rolland and the brothers Tharaud. M. Rolland is undoubtedly a writer of genius, but his work is isolated. It is highly improbable that he will leave any deep mark on the French fiction of the future. MM. Jean and Jérôme Tharaud roused great hopes with "Dingley, l'illustre Ecrivain"—the first book crowned by the Goncourt Academy. Dingley is obviously modelled on Mr. Kipling, and the book is a brilliant and biting satire on the British Imperialism of the time of the South African War. Unfortunately, the promise of that book has not been fulfilled by its successors.

In studying the French novel of to-day, it is impossible to leave out of account the influence of Charles Péguy, and that remarkable publication "Les Cahiers de la Quinzaine," which he founded and conducted. Of Péguy's own writings I am unable to speak, but the work that he did in getting a hearing for other men makes his death on the field of battle one of the greatest losses which French literature has yet suffered from the war. I possess copies of the analytical indexes which he issued to the first seven series of "Cahiers," and they contain striking evidence of Péguy's judgment. His greatest achievement was the discovery of M. Romain Rolland, whose "Jean Christophe" made its first appearance in the "Cahiers," and was only taken up by another publisher after it had become an undoubted success. The writings of the Brothers Tharaud, of Pierre Mille, Antoine Lavergne's remarkable novel, "Jean Coste, ou l'Instituteur de Village," were some of the other issues.

ON the prospects of French fiction in the immediate future, most of my French friends speak in despairing tones. Some of them believe that even before the war the novel had entered upon a period of decadence. When I ask for the writers from whom most is expected, I am given the names of MM. Charles Henry Hirsch, Alphonse de Chateaubriant, Edmond Jaloux, and one or two others. The next great harvest in fiction, I am told, will come, not from France, but from Russia. But prophecy is always liable to remain unfulfilled; and I notice that the veteran Mr. W. D. Howells tells us that we must turn our eyes towards Spain for "first-class modern fiction, easily surpassing the fiction of any other people of our time, now the Russians have ceased to lead." In Valdés, Galdós, and Pardo-Bazán, Spain has three contemporary writers of European reputation, but it is Señor Blasco Ibañez whom Mr. Howells places in the highest rank. "No living novelist," he says, "now that the incomparable Tolstoy is dead, can be compared to this author." Two novels by Ibañez, "La Catedral" and "Sangre y Arena," the latter a dramatic study of the Spanish national character as expressed in bull-fighting, are accessible in English translations.

PENGUIN.

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Reviews.

A SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

"Recollections and Reflections." By the Right Rev. J. E. C. WELLDON, D.D., Dean of Manchester. (Cassell. 12s. net.)

"THE schoolmaster is abroad." When Lord Brougham uttered this triumphant sentence, he was thinking of the advantage which the world derived from the schoolmaster. Bishop Welldon is more concerned with the advantage which the schoolmaster derives from the world, and from free contact with men of all races and classes and professions. Twice in this interesting volume he makes the same confession about the order to which he once belonged. "When I became a headmaster I continued the habit of travelling, for I felt the scholastic profession to be in its nature a little narrowing, as a schoolmaster is always repeating the same lessons, and he necessarily stands to his pupils in an arbitrary relation, which does not occur elsewhere in life, and which, if it benefits—as I hope it may—their character, is not always beneficial to his own." And again:—

"The headmaster of a public school is often regarded as the last surviving autocrat in modern English society. I am afraid the autocratic spirit in him sometimes dies hard. Whatever the reason may be, headmasters have not always been entirely successful when they have exchanged scholastic for academical and ecclesiastical functions. The relation of a headmaster to his school is such as can find no parallel in after-life."

On all that relates to schools and school-mastering and education generally, Bishop Welldon speaks with peculiar authority. His father was an assistant master at a public school, and his uncle was headmaster. He went from a private school to Eton, where he rose to be captain of the school; from Eton he went to Cambridge, and was successively scholar, fellow, and tutor of that beautiful college, of which it has been said that "A typical Kingsman is a Cambridge man who would be an Oxford man if he could." Here, as at Eton, he covered himself with scholastic glory, and was Senior Classic in 1877. Ordained deacon in 1883, he preached his first sermon under the dome of St. Paul's. He was Master of Dulwich College from 1883 to 1885, and in 1885, having nearly been elected Headmaster of Eton, he was unanimously elected Headmaster of Harrow. That an Eton man should love Eton supremely is inevitable; that an Eton man, entrusted with the government of Harrow, might mar his influence by an undue insistence of his earlier love, was possible, and, indeed, probable. It is enormously to Bishop Welldon's credit that, though no doubt he always bore "Eton" engraved on his heart, he wore no Pale Blue on his sleeve; but entered so sympathetically and so heartily into the life of his new world, that in the public eye he became identified with Harrow:—

"Quid faciam vates alia nutritus in umbra
Tam clare ut videar pars quotacumque domus?
Forsitan hæc dabitur citharæ indulgentia nostræ:
Vestra canens vester, quamlibet hospes, ero."

It was another Etonian who wrote these lines, but Bishop Welldon, when he was Headmaster of Harrow, might have taken them for his motto.

Of that headmastership I may truly say that I sate by its cradle and followed its hearse; or, in language less metaphorical than Curran's, that I had something to do with Mr. Welldon's candidature, and that, aided by his kindness and hospitality, I had opportunities of watching his administration from start to finish. On some points of policy and method I dissented from his view; but on most I agreed, and on one my agreement was enthusiastic. "It will not, I hope, be regarded as a discreditable admission, that I tried to relax a little the discipline of the school. The spirit of my own old school may have led me to dislike the idea of boys living and moving as though a master's eye were always resting upon them." The Bishop is perfectly right. At Harrow we were over-disciplined. We lived and moved and had our being in an atmosphere of compulsion—compulsion in work, compulsion in exercise (for I cannot call a compulsory game amusement), compulsion in every detail of our

daily lives; compulsion even in enjoyment, for we were expected to laugh at jokes which did not in the least amuse us, and to applaud idiotic songs if a master had written them. But, after all, Harrow only occupies two chapters of the book before us, and we must pass on to the writer's experience in very different climes; so I will only say that, though he was *pars quotacumque* of our *clara domus*, Bishop Welldon still shows traces of the *alia umbra* in which he was reared. For example, he confuses "a dringer" with a "strawberry mess." But for this ignorance or negligence he made amends by offering a prize to the boy who should discover in the writings of Dickens a character educated at Harrow. (Matthew Pocket was so educated, and I think no other.)

Some of Bishop Welldon's contemporaries at Cambridge were surprised when he took Holy Orders, and more when he showed some anxiety to leave Harrow after thirteen years of a remarkably successful headmastership. The truth was that he was much more of an ecclesiastic than his friends imagined, and he felt that the administrative work of the Church rather than of education was the function to which he was called. In 1893 an Harrovian Secretary of State for India—Lord George Hamilton—offered him the See of Calcutta; and he accepted it gladly, although it involved severance from friends, risk to health, and a full share of the difficulties which must beset every ecclesiastical dignitary, *in partibus infidelium*. The three chapters which deal with India form the most instructive part of Bishop Welldon's book. Few officials, except those who spend their whole working life in India, can have such good opportunities for observation and reflection as the Metropolitan. He travels officially over the whole country. His jurisdiction includes, not only all India, but Burma and Ceylon; and he holds, or may hold, office for a much longer term than the five years which generally circumscribe civil or military commands. Very interesting it is to read that, coming from the bright and prosperous life of an English public school, Bishop Welldon was specially impressed by the pervading sadness of life in India, and this not only among the famine-threatened and poverty-stricken natives, but among Europeans highly placed and well-to-do:—

"Their gaiety is felt to be an obligation, and it is clouded with anxiety, or at the best with a painful disquietude. They are like people dancing under the shadow of a volcanic mountain; they make the best of to-day, but they are prepared in their hearts for the worst to-morrow."

On the strictly spiritual difficulties which beset the Church in India, the Bishop writes with excellent feeling and discretion. Himself absolutely convinced of the Christian dogma, as it stands distinguished not only from heathenism but from theism, he yet declares that a Christian minister must "content himself with seeing that the law of Jesus Christ is not forgotten or not ignored in the public life of India, and must not show surprise or annoyance if it is found impossible to accept his view of Christianity in a non-Christian society; or, when it is accepted, to act upon it at once." Of the moral tone of English society in India the Bishop writes in a strain which contrasts agreeably with "Plain Tales from the Hills" and "Under the Deodars." He repudiates Mr. Kipling's unpleasant caricatures, and pays a high tribute to the service which Lord and Lady Curzon rendered to the cause of social morality. Of Lord Curzon's religious policy he speaks less confidently. "It is not," he says, "necessary to explain how my episcopate in India came to an end." Rumor at the time alleged that the Bishop was inclined to a greater eagerness in the work of evangelization than commended itself to the official mind. If so, all honor to the Bishop. Returning to England in temporarily shaken health, Bishop Welldon gladly accepted a canonry at Westminster; and the most interesting fact in the narrative of his life at the Abbey is that it fell to him, as the only member of the Chapter in Episcopal Orders, to hallow the oil with which King Edward VII. was anointed on August 9th, 1902. When he accepted the canonry, Bishop Welldon knew—he does not tell us why—that he should not hold it long. His premonition was fulfilled, and in 1906 Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman made him Dean of Manchester, where for nine years he has worked vigorously and successfully, not only in the purely religious sphere, but in all that makes

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HEATHEN FOLK-LORE.

"Folk-lore Round Horncastle." By the Rev. JAMES ALLPARK PENNY. (Horncastle. 1s. net.)

WE remember reading somewhere about a great sacred tree which used to stand outside the Temple of the Gods at Upsala, which, at the time of the forcible conversion of Scandinavia to Christianity, was cut down, but which was long talked of and remembered by the people with an awe-struck veneration and regret. One spans the thousand years or so—we have the fear of the exact before our eyes, and name no dates—and sees it still flourishing and growing green. The tree might be cut down indeed by the men of the new faith, but its roots were never extirpated. The gloom and fierceness, the grimness of the Norse mythology, has lived on in men of northern race up to our own day. It is admirably reflected, its whole atmosphere is rendered, for instance, in "Wuthering Heights." The tales told by the staunch old heathen people of remote parts of the North Riding of Yorkshire convey the same impression as that book.

A collection of Lincolnshire folk-lore stories has recently fallen into our hands, which has reminded us of chimney-corner chats of five-and-twenty years ago on snowy winter nights. This Horncastle folk-lore book is a fascinating little volume. Its style is curiously garrulous, and sometimes difficult to follow. It runs on like this, reminding one, save for the tragical nature of the matters with which it mostly deals, of "Mrs. Brown at the Seaside":—

"Though years after the murder, and when people had almost forgotten about the poor fellow, who from the time he left Horncastle at four on the Sunday morning to go back to his master, Mr. Frank Warrender, who lived at Martin, three-quarters of a mile off, till his dead body was found at eight, could be discovered, until a father horrified his sons when he was dying by saying he had cut Stennet Jeffry's throat and stolen his watch, which he gave them, but made them promise not to tell anyone what he had confessed till he was safely buried."

Many grim and dreadful stories are related in this rambling way. We imagine they were taken down as they were told by some loquacious and wandering narrator. The impression they one and all give is the impression we have ourselves received from the narratives of the old heathen inhabitants of various parts of remote and rural England, who regarded Board-schools, policemen, temperance reform, and Methodist chapels with the same contempt with which the devotees of the grim divinities honored beneath the shadow of the sacred tree of Upsala must have looked upon the unsubstantial and unbloody rites of the new white faith. Here is a typical example of one of these heathen folk-stories:—

"A man who was present with others when John Taylor was murdered in the Old Eler Tree, at Horsington, when he was twenty or twenty-one years old, nearly fifty years ago, told me that as they were all sitting drinking beer at the Feast of All Hallows, November 1, the light suddenly went out, and John Taylor suddenly cried out, 'Somebody has cut me, but it is nothing,' and when the light was re-lit, they saw his trousers, just above the knee, was cut, so they all went on drinking until the light again went out, and John Taylor again cried out, 'Yon little Devil has done for me,' and got up and went home where the Constable of Horsington was having supper with other friends, who went with his man to the Eler Tree and locked the door, where my informant and the rest still were. On the floor were the two knives the murderer had used, one to cut the

leg and the other to rip up John Taylor, and as they both belonged to him, and a few days before he had a new blade put into one of them, he was arrested at once by the constable who handcuffed him and took him to another public-house at the corner formed by the Horncastle road, &c., &c. Here the murderer threatened each of those present at the murder as they passed to do for them if they witnessed against him. He was tried, found guilty, and transported—not hung, as he ought to have been—for poor John only lingered in a dreadful state for a few days after being ripped up. All the provocation he had given was to say to his murderer, a week before, 'Don't have another turkey pie at the Feast.'"

The murderer had, a short time before, stolen one of John Taylor's turkeys, and his wife had put it into a pie. The woman who baked it had lifted the crust to see what was inside, and had told John Taylor what she found, warning him "not to have them up, or they will do for me for telling you." There are some very gruesome stories of heathen doings, as of the man and his wife who sharpened their servant girl on the grindstone, and an account of a steadfast old village pagan who, after committing in the course of his life several murders, died at the ripe age of ninety. Some of these folk-tales have a happier ending, as of the wife who attempted to poison her invalid husband by giving him toad-broth, but found it miraculously restored him. Sometimes a humorous touch comes in, but the humor is always grim, as in the story of the old man who asked the clergyman to allow him to be buried in the north-west corner of the churchyard, close to an old tree, and explained the reason for his request, which was that "his spirit, from the top of the tree, might worret old Elsey whenever he passed near it to go to church." There was also the notorious character who said: "They may talk about makin' an honest livin'; but I'm one as can live dishonest."

We ourselves believe that, in the old, remote, unrecorded England, wilful murder was a very common occurrence. The present writer lived for some years in an out-of-the-way Yorkshire hamlet, in a villainous, cut-throat looking old house, known as the "Fairfax Arms." It had once been a hall inhabited by country squires (of sorts), had fallen from that estate to the position of a village inn, and from that, again, to that of a quite deserted and unpatronized temperance hotel. The landlord, dispossessed of his once flourishing business, used to sit and grumble by the fire, and tell tales of the high and palmy days of the house. The servants of the old Squires of Fairfax Hall made a business of robbing the stage-coach which passed on the high road about a mile away, and murdering the passengers. "Many's the day when the butler would cut a score o' throats, and then come home and lay the cloth for dinner." We do not know how far back in the eighteenth century it was that these proceedings took place. There were frequent tales of isolated murders, of some farmer coming home from market with a well-filled money-bag, or of a traveller known to have valuables with him, putting up for the night in some sequestered village inn. These crimes were apparently never inquired into, or, at any rate, if their perpetrators were suspected, they were never brought home to them. "They weren't so particular in them days," you would be told. The methods of dealing with the sick and feeble-minded, again, were peculiar. The writer remembers hearing about some well-known character who went out of his mind. His friends sent for old Dr. Bowes, and old Dr. Bowes cut the patient's throat, apparently with the full consent and approbation of all concerned.

The book is full of wizards, wise men, witches and their doings. In our own experience all heathen England believed in witchcraft. If these stories may be relied upon, some of the wise men round Horncastle rivalled in their curious skill the Indian jugglers, of whom travellers tell such marvellous tales. But there is never any trace of white magic. There is no softening gleam on all this folk-lore. The one supernatural being ever mentioned is the Devil. Around Horncastle he is spoken of as "the Old Lad" or "Samwell." We have known him as "the Old Lad" for five-and-twenty years, but "Samwell" is new to us. Mr. Penny remarks: "He is spoken of in a mixture of familiarity, affection, and awe which is very curious." Dr. Neale's theory is well known. He writes:—

"Witchcraft occurs almost entirely in countries which are not Catholic. Scotland, Germany, and the Colonies in

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North America have furnished its most singular displays, and it chiefly prevailed in England during the Great Rebellion."

Be that as it may, it is curious that all trace of Catholic mythology and devotion should so utterly have vanished from the popular mind. One wonders what pre-Reformation Lincolnshire was like. The collector of these stories was the Vicar of Stixwoud. We remember that some few years ago a banner of the Five Wounds, used on the Pilgrimage of Grace, was found in a Stixwoud farm-house. What effect had the devotion to the Five Wounds on the people of Old England, and how came it so completely to disappear? There is a gigantic stone figure of St. Christopher with the Child, for instance, in the church at Terrington. Such figures occur here and there all over the country, but there is not the faintest popular recollection of the story. It is quite unknown to the people either of heathen or of Board-school England.

This book of folk-lore very clearly illustrates the importance of the Methodist Revival in leavening the heathen mass. In one or two examples we get something like Christian folk-lore in connection with it. For instance, there is a story of "The Devil's Supper Party," in which a Methodist preacher is awakened at twelve o'clock one Saturday night by a raging wind, and hears a terrible voice crying out, "Come down to supper." Trembling, he dresses and comes down.

"When he got down he saw a very grand supper laid out on the table, with wine poured out in glasses, and twelve black devils sitting round the table, and a much bigger one at one end, with a chair left ready for him at the other, opposite him." Looking at him, the biggest Devil said: "Ask a blessing." He was inspired to say:—

"Jesus, the Name high over all,
In hell or earth or sky;
Angels and men before Him fall
And devils fear and fly."

At the Name of Jesus, the devils all jumped up, and one by one disappeared, the thirteenth and biggest being the last to disappear at the word "fly," and when he looked at the table there was nothing on it. This is a story that might have been taken from a sermon of a wandering thirteenth-century Franciscan friar. The hymns of John and Charles Wesley brought back to England something of the medieval devotion to "the Name most dear to all faithful people, and terrible to evil spirits." Such outbursts of praise as:—

"O, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise"

are commonplaces of the French devotional books, with which the Wesleys were so familiar.

A piece of Methodist folk-lore we ourselves remember is the story of the young girl given to the vanity of painting and powdering her face, who, looking into her mirror, saw the face of Our Lord, streaming with tears and blood. The writer's grandmother used to tell a story of a local preacher who met a man and his wife who boasted that they never went either to church or chapel. "If I give you half-a-crown apiece will you promise me that you never will go?" he replied. They accepted the offer with alacrity, but afterwards were smitten with fear that they had sold themselves to the devil. "What a pity we didn't think to look at his feet," said the man to his wife. They hastened to break the unholy compact, went to the Methodist chapel, and were soundly converted that very night.

There is much one might say about this extremely interesting little book. We are sorry to read on page 15 that "the Feasts at Stixwoud were put a stop to by the Squire, Mr. Christopher Turnor." Why did Mr. Christopher Turnor do that?

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lighted and in expectation of delight. Both in his early prose and his early verse he left his imagination at play rather than yoked it to the labor of literature, and the result was so good that one felt that the best thing he could do was to go on enjoying himself. "The Adventures of Seumas Beg" will shake most readers out of any such optimistic notion. The verses in the book simply cry out for labor. They are a poet's scribbles, and very much like anybody else's scribbles. They communicate almost nothing to us of fancy or personality or play or a new world. They are not the work of an ardent mind that has recovered its childhood. They are thrown out anyhow, like the exercises of a careless schoolboy, whose aim is not to have written well, but to have written something to get him through. It is because we rate Mr. Stephens's genius so high that we deplore his happy-go-lucky attitude to literature. At times one cannot help thinking that he must be entirely lacking in the faculty of self-criticism. If he possessed that faculty, he would realize that a man of his gifts has no right in this kind of literature to fall so far short of Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses" and Mr. De La Mare's "Peacock Pie," and he would realize that, compared with either of these books, "The Adventures of Seumas Beg" is like clippings from newspapers.

Take, for example, the poem called "The Cow":—

"Cow, cow!
I and thou
Are looking at each other's eyes:
You are lying in the grass
Eating every time I pase,
And you do not seem to be
Ever in perplexity;
You are good, I'm sure, and not
Fit for nothing but the pot:
For your bearing is so kind,
And your quietness so wise;
Cow, cow!
I and thou
Are looking at each other's eyes."

How unalive and how unlivey it is! It does not communicate either child or cow to us. It does not communicate anything to us. We might as well read a copybook.

The imagination of a child is colored, gleaming, miraculous, irrelevant. To read Mr. Stephens's new verses, one would imagine that the make-believe of children was no more wonderful than the make-believe of journalists. One of the best scenes from the life of Seumas Beg is called "The Horse," but one has only to remember the portrait of the ass in "The Demi-Gods" to feel how prosaic a vision of an animal Mr. Stephens here gives us in verse:—

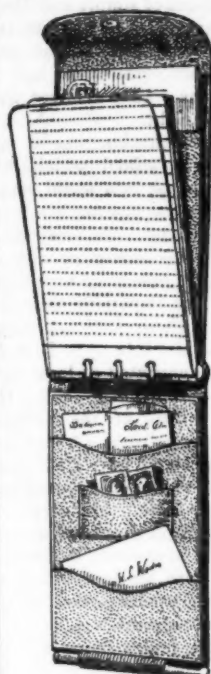
"A sparrow hopped about the street,
And he was not a bit afraid;
He flew between a horse's feet,
And ate his supper undismayed:
I think myself the horse knew well
The bird came for the grains that fell.
"For his eye was looking down,
And he danced the corn about
In his nosebag, till the brown
Grains of corn were tumbled out;
And I fancy that he said,
'Eat it up—young Speckle-Head!'
"The driver then came back again,
He climbed into the heavy dray;
And he tightened up the rein,
Cracked his whip, and drove away.
But when the horse's ribs were hit,
The sparrow did not care a bit."

The second part of the book, which is charmingly entitled "The Rocky Road to Dublin," is livelier and more amusing than the first, though the best things in it are mere trifles, like "Dublin Men":—

"A Dublin man will frown when he
Hears a tale of villainy;
But when a kindness you relate,
He swings and whistles on the gate."

Almost as tiny and pleasant is "Charlotte Street":—

"Inside a soap shop, down a lane,
A big bee buzzed on a window-pane,
"Climbing the cold glass up and down;
Bee, what brought you into town?
"You are tired and hungry and scarce alive,
Poor old Shaggy Tail! where's your hive!"



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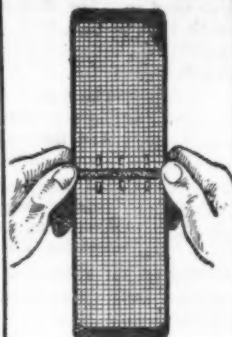
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But even in "The Rocky Road to Dublin" there is far too much that is merely anybody's echo of Blake. Sometimes the Blakian octosyllables are amusing enough as in "At the Fair":—

"The lark shall never come to say
To a gombeen-man, 'Good day,'
And the lark shall never cry
To a kindly man, 'Good-bye.'

"See the greedy gombeen-man
Taking everything he can
From man and woman, dog and cat—
And the lark does not like that."

Sometimes, on the other hand, the reminiscence of Blake suggests fatal comparisons, as in "The Piper," which begins:—

"Shepherd, the while the lambs do feed,
And you rest beneath a tree,
Pipe upon an oaten reed
Merrily and merrily."

"The Fifteen Acres" and "The Canal Bank" are freakish and merry. But one misses from the present book just that note of fantastic make-believe which one expected with the greatest assurance to find. Here is no radiance of the nursery, no Puckish gaiety. At times, the author even becomes an elderly moralist, as in "The Dodder Bank," where he writes:—

"When no flower is nigh, you might
Spy a weed with deep delight;
So, when far from saints and bliss,
God might give a sin a kiss."

As a matter of fact, the eminent fault of the book is that the author does not seem to know whether he is aiming at expressing a man's homilies or a child's vision. The lyricism of the child is certainly not here—the lyricism which we find in "Goblin Market" and in a small poem like Mr. De La Mare's "The Huntsmen":—

"Three jolly gentlemen,
In coats of red,
Rode their horses
Up to bed.

"Three jolly gentlemen
Snored till morn,
Their horses champing
The golden corn.

"Three jolly gentlemen,
At break of day,
Came clatter-clatter down the stairs
And galloped away."

It may be said that Mr. Stephens does not attempt this kind of nursery rhyme, but that his purpose is more realistic and thoughtful. But the point is that his verses are lacking in the rapture, the fancy, the style of good nursery rhymes like Mr. De La Mare's. Let him become his own severe critic and give his genius a chance, and he, too, should be able to build a kingdom of the imagination in the nursery.

FAWCETT'S PLACE IN PUBLIC LIFE.

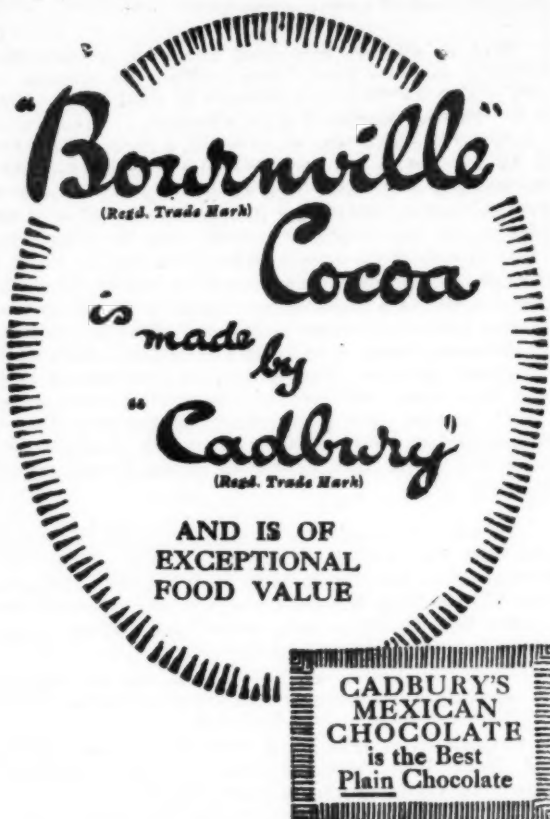
"A Beacon for the Blind: A Life of Henry Fawcett." By WINIFRED HOLT. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS is an agreeable account of Fawcett's character and career. Everybody is attracted by the spectacle of a brave and powerful mind triumphing over almost the most terrible of all the calamities that can afflict mankind, and the spirit in which Fawcett bore his cruel lot was doubtless part of the secret of his great hold on the admiration and affection of his contemporaries. Miss Holt tells a number of anecdotes illustrating the remarkable impression he made on those who came into the slightest contact with him. He was essentially cheerful, simple, and natural. There is a delightful story of his first introduction as Postmaster-General to the officials at the Post Office. He had shaken hands with the departmental chiefs, and when the less important officials were brought to him it was observed with some dismay that he was about to hold out his hand. "It is not usual," somebody whispered to him, "for Her Majesty's Postmaster-General to shake hands with anyone in the office below the rank of head of a department." "I suppose," he replied, "that I am at liberty to make what

use I like of my own hand." This element of simple and direct humanity in his nature was the counterpart of his manifest sincerity in politics, and it won him the esteem and confidence of thoughtful working men, who were apt to mistrust the general race of politicians. They realized that he was honest, independent, and downright.

This was the quality of Fawcett's thinking, as it was of his character. He belonged to a school which was confidently sure of its conclusions, because in a world where most politicians never wished to go below the surface they thought they had reached the foundations. He resembled, indeed, the earlier Radicals both in his reasoning and in his methods. The men for whom politics have been simplified by a few leading principles may be too impatient with the facts, but they wield a great power. Fawcett's attachment to the old Individualist ideas brought him into opposition to such a policy as the housing policy inaugurated at least half a century too late by Disraeli's Government in 1876. He felt about any scheme for public control of the hideous dwellings that had struck such despair into Chadwick's heart in the 'forties, as Joseph Hume would have felt. And as the old Individualist economy was in the ascendant, workmen accepting it like everybody else, this dread of public control did not isolate Fawcett from men of advanced ideas. He would have been the ideal statesman to Francis Place, who would have sympathized with his individualism, and welcomed both his enthusiasm for working-class education and his general readiness to attack abuses.

It was this that made Fawcett so fine a figure in our political history. He used his great powers not to pursue his own purposes, but to get rid of definite wrongs. Most politicians are tempted to think that they can best serve the State by increasing the scope of their own influence. The good party man, they think, becomes the good Minister; the good Minister becomes the great reformer. Fawcett, like his distinguished friend Lord Courtney, never fell into this trap. His downright nature never allowed him to say, "If I want to save the State, I must comply with the conditions imposed by the party system." He saw that a thing was wrong and he attacked it, whether his conduct was convenient to his political friends or not. Take his really great achievement over enclosures. At the time he went into Parliament it was the custom to pass an Enclosure Bill each year, providing for the several enclosures that had been approved by the Enclosure Commissioners. In the year 1869 an enclosure was included in this Bill to which an M.P. objected. Fawcett spoke, the Bill was recommitted, and he was put on the Select Committee to which this particular enclosure was referred. The Minister in charge of the general Bill wanted to proceed with the other enclosures in the Bill, but to his dismay Fawcett gave notice that he would move to recommit the Bill on third reading in order that better provision might be made for allotments. The Whips tried every dodge to get the Bill through, but Fawcett was equal to them, though they nearly tricked him on one occasion when he had gone home with a bad cold, and decided at the last moment to return to the House of Commons. By sheer pertinacity he destroyed this system of mechanical enclosure. Two years later he followed up this victory by a successful attack on the Liberal Government of 1880, which was about to rob the public of Epping Forest. He was almost alone at the beginning, but he raised public feeling to such a degree that he carried a resolution against the Government and saved the Forest. One of the greatest of England's benefactors in the preservation of these great spaces of freedom and beauty was thus a man who could only enjoy them by other senses than that of sight, and by thinking of the pleasure they brought to others. "The happiest moments I spend in my life," he said on one occasion, "are when I am in the companionship of some friend who will forget that I have lost my eyesight, who will talk to me as if I could see, who will describe to me the persons I meet, a beautiful sunset, or scenes of great beauty through which we may be passing. For so wonderful is the adaptability of the human mind that when, for instance, some scene of great beauty has been described to me, I recall that scene in after years, and I speak about it in such a manner that sometimes I have to check myself and consider for a moment whether the impression was produced when I had my sight, or was conveyed by the description of another."



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Take again his record as "Member for India." Sir William Lee Warner said truly of him that the poverty of the ryot affected him as if he suffered himself. It was a characteristic incident that first brought him out as Indian champion. He found that India was going to be made to pay for a ball which the British Government was giving in honor of a foreign visitor. Mill urged him not to protest, as there were other and graver abuses; but Fawcett insisted. From that time he was always on the look out for injustices to India, and the impression he made can be judged by the fact that whereas the Indian Budget used to be discussed at the end of the Session, when it occupied a few hours, in 1879 it was discussed in May, and the debate lasted three days. In this respect, unhappily, Parliament has reverted to its earlier ways. Of his work for women the world has been kept in mind by the single-minded devotion of his widow to a cause that they were united in serving. His chief virtue in public life was an independence which has never been too common in politics; and in recent years has had to struggle against a highly finished and developed system of party discipline.

THE RED HERRING.

- "Realms of Day." By H. DE SÉLINCOURT. (Nisbet. 6s.)
 "The Lost Prince." By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)
 "Penelope's Postscripts." By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN. (Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)
 "The Sunlit Hills." By MADAME ALBANESI. (Hutchinson. 6s.)
 "The Queen's Net." By HAROLD BEGBIE. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

THAT, of course, is one of the principal functions of the average novel—to see visions and to dream dreams. Was it not Mr. Hardy who was bombarded with indignant letters because he did not introduce Tess to the felicity which the British public expects of its heroes and heroines? Mr. Hardy, it is true, has been sometimes inclined to usurp himself the office of destiny and to load the dice heavily against his characters. But those letters were symptomatic of a general tendency in modern English fiction—to discover spiritual flowers in a commercial wilderness, a pitiful and a throbbing heart in the lords of civilization, and Romance in everything. It is no vague generalization to take a bird's-eye view of the whole of popular fiction, and to watch it bending its utmost energies, exerting its every assurance, employing its whole armory, not only to escape from truth, the truth of art, of life, and of beauty, but to deny its very existence.

It would be unfair to Mr. de Sélincourt to upbraid him for consciously drawing the red herring. He is too able and scrupulous a writer to put a mask on falsehood and call it truth. It is rather in the inadequacy of his panacea that "Realms of Day" becomes relevant to our title. We cannot, even under the spell of Mr. de Sélincourt's raptures, believe that a course of physical exercises, organized by "The Times," is the ultimate remedy for all our ills. Perhaps, if we could discover some method of exercising the membranes of the brain, it would be another matter. The Prometheus of the movement is Jeremy Rivarol, a Rugby international and a youth of engaging simplicity of head, as well as heart, who embroiders on to his banner of salvation the mystic symbol, "Pride of Body." The illustration of his creed lies in his marriage. He and Constance "trust life" with a vengeance. In some respects, they remind us of the more fulminant ecstasies of the heroes and heroines in the sociological novels of Mr. Wells. They positively prance, that is to say, in the robust consciousness of their mutual passion. They slap each other on the back in the invigoration of their muscular matrimony. Yes, Jeremy is an honest fellow—but we cannot altogether withhold sympathy from his tired father. His tired father is a dead leaf before the sun-wester of Jeremy. His father finds refuge in the conventional opinions; his father, deeply versed in the classics, doles out occasional riches from the argosies of his knowledge, such as "quot homines tot

sententiæ" and "Puer Excellentissime." Yet we cannot withhold a certain sympathy from him.

Had we not been confronted with such circumstantial evidence, we could hardly have credited the existence of such a book as "The Lost Prince" in these sophisticated days. This red herring is a little desiccated! The gentlemanly boy of twelve, who wears rags in a London slum, and is the son of the authentic heir to the throne of Samavia; the kingdom of Samavia, torn for five hundred years with dynastic factions, aching for the gentlemanly reign of the lost Prince Ivor. Marco Loristan and his ragamuffin "aide de camp," the crippled "Rat," bearing the "Sign" through the capitals of Europe, and the true prince on the throne again in a bloodless revolution of twelve hours—distance lends enchantment to the view! There is something so Victorian about these little principalities, with their sumptuous uniforms. Hentzau and its kind have in these days been either absorbed by the musical comedies or sharply bumped into crude reality by the amenities of Balkan warfare. We cannot, by any stretch of imagination, conceive a Little Lord Fauntleroy on the throne, say, of Bulgaria.

In the continuation of Penelope's Cook's Tours we pass with her through Switzerland, Venice, Wales, and Devonshire to New England—to New England, where, as Mrs. William Hunt Beresford, she gazes o'er the sunlit ears of corn, her offspring crooning at her knee, and her strong, silent husband thanking God at her side:—

"But whenever and wherever we five are together, especially wherever mother is, it will always be home," said Himself thankfully, under his breath."

In Switzerland, there is lovely Lucerne (no, Lake Geneva) and Mont Blanc unveiling herself to the "worshipful gaze." In Venice, there is a *festa*, and laughter and song float from the *caffès*. In Devon, we sing "The Sands o' Dee." And throughout, tenderness mingled with genteel facetiousness. Such books are exquisitely appropriate, for, in reading them, do not the good citizens of Balham, Norwood, and Washington see reproduced exactly what they themselves said and did in Switzerland, Venice, Wales, and Devon?

Madame Albanesi's red herring is that of the degenerate aristocrat. Toby Settringham is of a type beloved of the novelist—prodigal and extravagant, but "delightfully dressed," casual and spendthrift, but hail-fellow-well-met; a titled waster, but with a heart, which, when polished, is all of g—. Toby, being under heavy financial obligation to the money-lender Oscar Beel, writes off his debt with Beel's daughter, Catherine, as a wife. Catherine, unacquainted that to Toby she is nothing but a receipt and potential banking account, unaccountably falls in love with him. Toby takes full advantage of her, and runs through her money with a celerity born of practice. On discovery, Catherine, though as filial as ever to her "devoted father," feels some natural resentment towards her husband, and parts from him. But all is well, and the broken string in the lute is soon mended. For Toby, taking a turn as a breeder of polo ponies, in so doing reveals the genuine lustre of his heart, temporarily coated with rust. Both of them fall back naturally into their expensive Paradise, exclaiming in unison: "*Experientia docet*."

"Because she has lent to this difficult, heroic, and merciful work of women not only the high sanction of the throne, but the powerful aidance of her domestic spirit; because she cannot content herself with patronage for sorrow and doles for distress, but studies earnestly how best she may assuage the one and relieve the other: because she is wise yet simple, simple yet strong, strong yet gentle: because she reigns at the head of national life a reproof to the flippant, a light to those who waver, and a living sympathy to the good: because she hates evil and despises weakness: because she is so fair a woman and so pure a queen—let me venture to give you for finis to this brief chronicle of a great unselfish labor inspired, organized, and developed by women, the health and happiness of our Sovereign Lady. *God Save the Queen!*"

Thus Mr. Begbie, in that inimitable style of his, wise yet simple, simple yet strong, strong yet gentle, takes upon

SOME DETAILS OF AN EXCELLENT WORK.

For many years the copy-books have insisted that busy people could always find time to undertake more work. To the majority of young people this seemed to be a lesson that was quite out of place in any school-book, and they have endeavored in after years to show that the conclusion arrived at in early youth was the correct one.

That the copy-books were correct has been abundantly proved during the period of stress and strain through which the nation is passing. Busy people have readily become busier. The institutions whose burdens were already very heavy were the first to add willingly to their existing responsibilities and cares. And amongst the institutions which have played their great part and have seriously added to their responsibilities by undertaking important national work, the Seaside Convalescent Hospital at Seaford takes a leading place.

Founded in 1860, this Institution set itself at once a high ideal. Its self-imposed task was to give to its patients the comforts of a home with the resources of a hospital, combined with a generous diet and complete rest and medical attention. How well it has always lived up to its great endeavor, those who pass through its doors readily testify. Every year many letters are received from patients couched in the most grateful terms. "I am afraid I cannot sufficiently express myself in words; but I hope you will appreciate what I feel when I say that I had a very happy time and that the staff at the hospital was kindness itself," writes a patient who stayed a month, while another patient says: "Owing to the kindness of everyone in the hospital, I shall always be able to look back upon the time I have spent in Seaford with great pleasure." Thousands of other letters could be added to the two already quoted. They all speak in the same warm praise of the kindness received, and all the patients seem eager to express their thanks in this more or less permanent way.

Ever since its commencement, the good work of the Seaside Convalescent Hospital at Seaford has been carried on under great difficulties. The hospital was first started by taking a house—situated on the headland—on lease. An endowment was soon afterwards promised, and on receipt of this promise, the present finely equipped premises were built. But a great disappointment was in store, for owing to legal difficulties the endowment was never received. This set-back did not, however, daunt the founders, and although the loss of the endowment has naturally prevented some of their hopes being carried into effect, yet the good work has been carried on in face of this and many other obstacles for 55 years.

It is a matter of great satisfaction to be able to report that in 1910 H.M. the King was graciously pleased to become the Patron and also a subscriber.

It will probably, therefore, not be surprising to learn, in view of the splendid story already told, that at the outbreak of war, the Committee immediately offered to the War Office accommodation for wounded soldiers. This offer was gratefully accepted. At a later period the military authorities decided to make Seaford one of the training centres for the new armies, and the Committee of the Seaside Convalescent Hospital were then asked if they could make arrangements for the reception of the sick from the camp as well. They immediately agreed, and thus added fresh burdens to their already heavy load. The alterations necessary to accommodate 50 military patients were speedily completed, and the first one was admitted on September 26th, 1914. The accommodation met with complete satisfaction, and the Secretary was subsequently asked if he could find room for a further 29 beds, making a total of 79. This, however, is not the whole of the story, for an annexe has since been built for the reception of more wounded soldiers. The Committee also contemplate building two more annexes, so that they can receive all the soldiers that the military authorities desire to send, though they wish it to be clearly understood that these arrangements will in no wise interfere with the admission of civilian convalescents—men, women, and children—in the usual way.

In order that the Committee may continue unimpaired the work that the Seaside Convalescent Hospital was originally formed for, and in addition carry on the work for the soldiers, it is absolutely necessary that additional funds should be immediately forthcoming. A donation of £25 entitles the donor to become a Governor of the hospital, and for a subscription of one or more guineas, the donor is entitled during the period covered by the subscription to one or more Letters of Recommendation in proportion to the amount subscribed.

With the increased cost of food and drugs, the Committee have had to meet a very largely increased expenditure; but they have magnificently risen to the occasion. The nature and extent of the work of the Institution urgently calls for the establishment of an endowment fund to secure the continuity of these benefits. It is hoped that the readers of this appeal will immediately assist the Institution by sending some donation to the Chairman, Sir William Bull, M.P., or to the Secretary, Mr. Willoughby Bullock, 12, Clifford's Inn, Temple Bar, London, E.C.

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himself the panegyric of the Queen's "Work for Women" Fund. His method is to canvass a selection of the women, one of them a "nut-brown dryad," who have benefited by the fund, and to tell their stories in that moving language for which Mr. Begbie is so justly renowned—language purple yet poignant, succulent yet sincere, tympanic yet tearful, and woolly yet wonderful.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Tiger Slayer by Order." By C. E. GOULDSBURY. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. GOULDSBURY'S book, like its predecessor, "Tigerland," is an account of the exploits of Mr. Digby Davies, a former Deputy-Inspector-General of Indian Police, who for a time held the post of Tiger Slayer to the Government of Bombay. His bag was about 200 tigers, exclusive of those killed before his appointment or while on leave. Mr. Gouldsbury's narrative is full of spirit, and it tells us about the habits of tigers and other wild animals, as well as about the best ways of killing them. Tigers, it seems, live to an average of twenty years, though it is always difficult to tell the age except by the size, the faintness of the stripes, and the discolored appearance of the teeth and fangs. They never touch animals that they themselves have not killed, and the tigress is most assiduous in teaching her cubs to kill. Mr. Gouldsbury writes of Mr. Davies's adventures in hunting other big game—bears, panthers, elephants, and lions—both in Asia and Africa.

The Week in the City.

THE cheerful activity of the Stock Exchange continued into this week, and though it died away for a day or two, the tone on Thursday was not at all bad. I am told on very good authority that the position is now remarkably sound, and that a removal of minimum prices would be generally welcomed. Whatever the troubles of the labor market and the difficulties of commerce and shipping after the war, the Stock Exchange fully intends to enjoy a long period of prosperity. With such a vast mass of new debt, British and foreign, there are bound to be constant and often rapid movements, and there are monied men who intend to be in a position to finance whatever speculation the return of prosperity may bring. Any indication that Germany is ready to evacuate Belgium and France is eagerly watched for; but, in spite of peace rumors, and in spite of the obvious exhaustion of Continental credit, the most optimistic hardly anticipate any satisfactory issue just at present. The Prime Minister's recent speeches show that for the first time he is beginning to appreciate the financial gravity of the situation, which has been emphasized by a rapid decline in the Dutch Exchange amounting to 9 or 10 per cent. It seems, indeed, amazing to old traders with a long experience of Anglo-Dutch commerce that the pound sterling should be worth little more than eighteen shillings in Amsterdam! Though, of course, if gold is actually exported it fetches the market price. The Scandinavian Exchange has also begun to go wrong, and the depreciation of the European Exchanges will unfortunately make it more difficult to hold up the value of

the sovereign in the United States. However, it is understood that another credit is being arranged with the Morgan group of bankers. The United States is now fairly prosperous industrially and very prosperous agriculturally. After this war New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago will obviously be far more important in relation to Europe than ever before.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC.

The Southern Pacific Railroad has passed through a year of exceptional difficulty. Apart from the trade depression which affected all American railways, this line suffered from competition from the newly-opened Panama Canal, to which a large volume of freight was diverted. Moreover, some of the copper mines served by the system were closed down, and passenger traffic fell off heavily. Thus the year saw a decline in gross earnings of no less than \$8,654,583. This was the more serious, as it followed a drop of over four million dollars in the previous year. Nevertheless, the Southern Pacific achieved remarkable economies, and actually reduced expenses by \$6,648,830, thus cutting the net loss down to just over two million dollars. Even through such a difficult period as this the company has earned a good margin above the 6 per cent. dividends which are distributed. This is very welcome testimony of the strength of the line. The outlook for the present year is bright. Not only has trade greatly improved, but the closing of the Canal has diverted traffic to the Southern Pacific. These considerations have helped to send up the Common Stock to 108½, at which price the return to the investor is 25 19s. per cent. The latest price is considerably higher than in the month or so preceding the war. New York speculation may, perhaps, send the stock higher, but holders on this side may consider the present moment a favorable opportunity to unload.

CONSOLIDATED GOLD FIELDS REPORT.

The report of the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa for the year ended June 30th last shows a fall in net profits of £89,000. But shareholders will be gratified to find that, instead of a reduction in the dividend, it is to be increased from 5 to 7½ per cent. For some time past large amounts have had to be written off each year for depreciation of investments; since 1912, in fact, the reserve fund has been reduced by no less than £2,000,000, while £500,000 has also been withdrawn from profits for the same purpose, and the directors evidently consider that these allowances suffice for the present, for nothing is put to reserve or depreciation in the present accounts, while the amount brought in from the previous year is drawn upon to the extent of £4,400 to meet the dividend payment. The profits for the year, which are derived, of course, mainly from dividends on investments, amount, after payment of debenture interest, to £299,152, as compared with £388,067 in the previous year, and the preference and ordinary dividends absorb £150,000 each. The reserve fund stands at £800,000. For the past two years the schedule of assets has been omitted from the report, but it is stated that the changes which have taken place in the company's holdings have not materially affected the general position or nature of the investments. The balance-sheet shows a strong liquid position, and investments which two years ago stood at over £5,000,000, are now less than £4,200,000. The company's interests on the Rand, however, have probably seen their best days, and the American ventures are too young to bring in a large return yet, so the shareholders cannot expect a return to the brilliant results of 1909 and 1910 for some time to come.

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